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ECLECTIC READINGS

ALICE'S VISIT
TO THE
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



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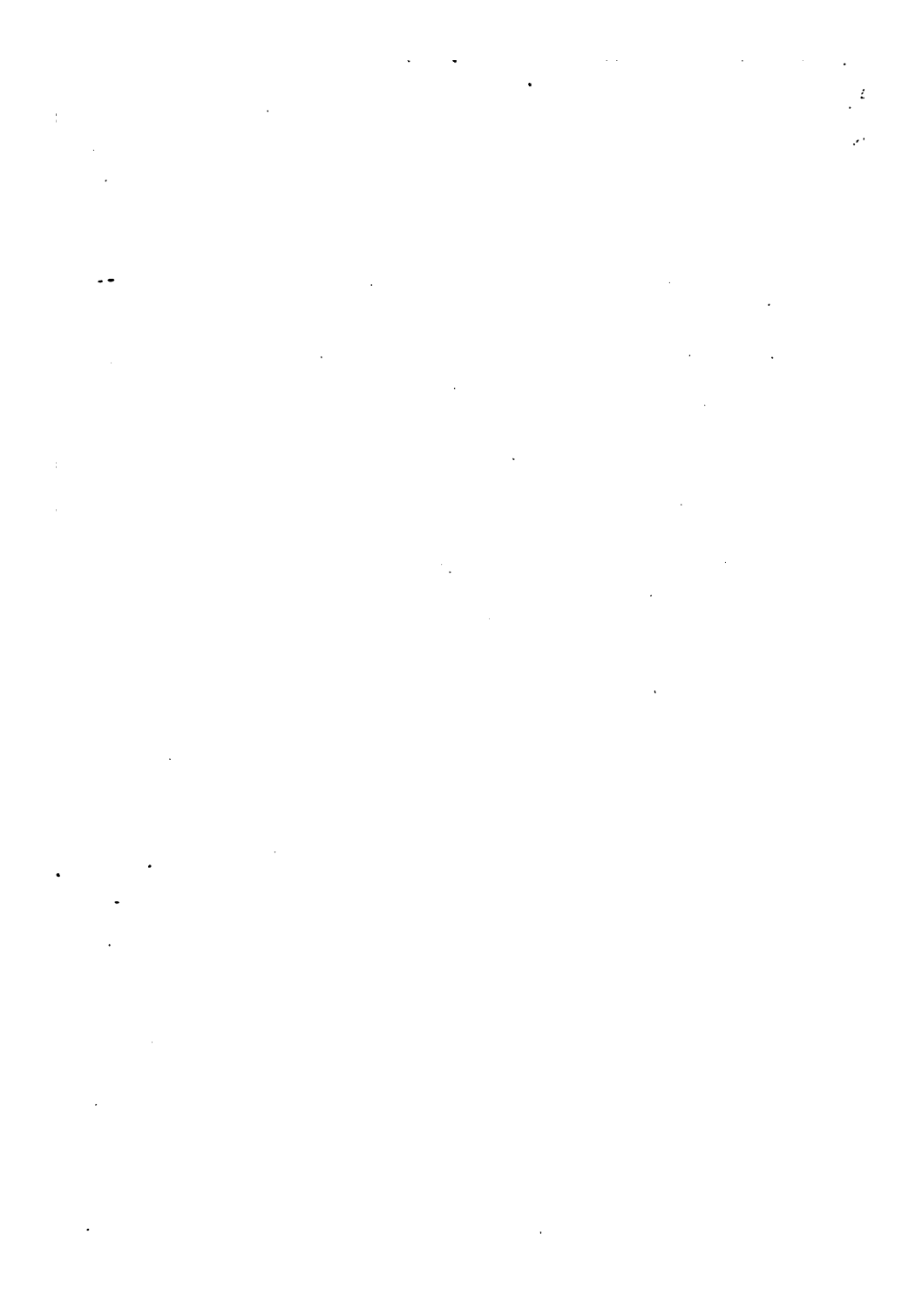
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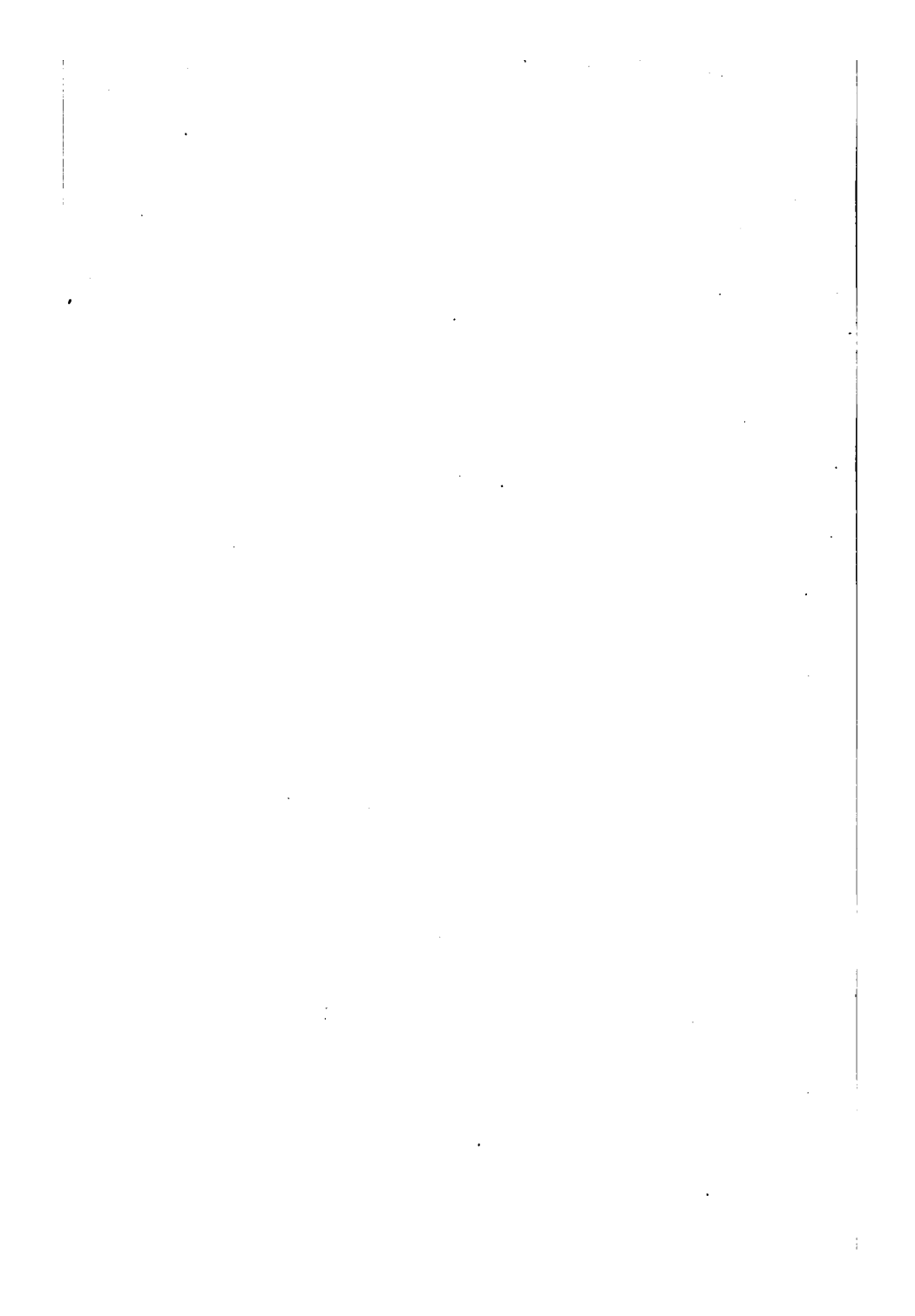
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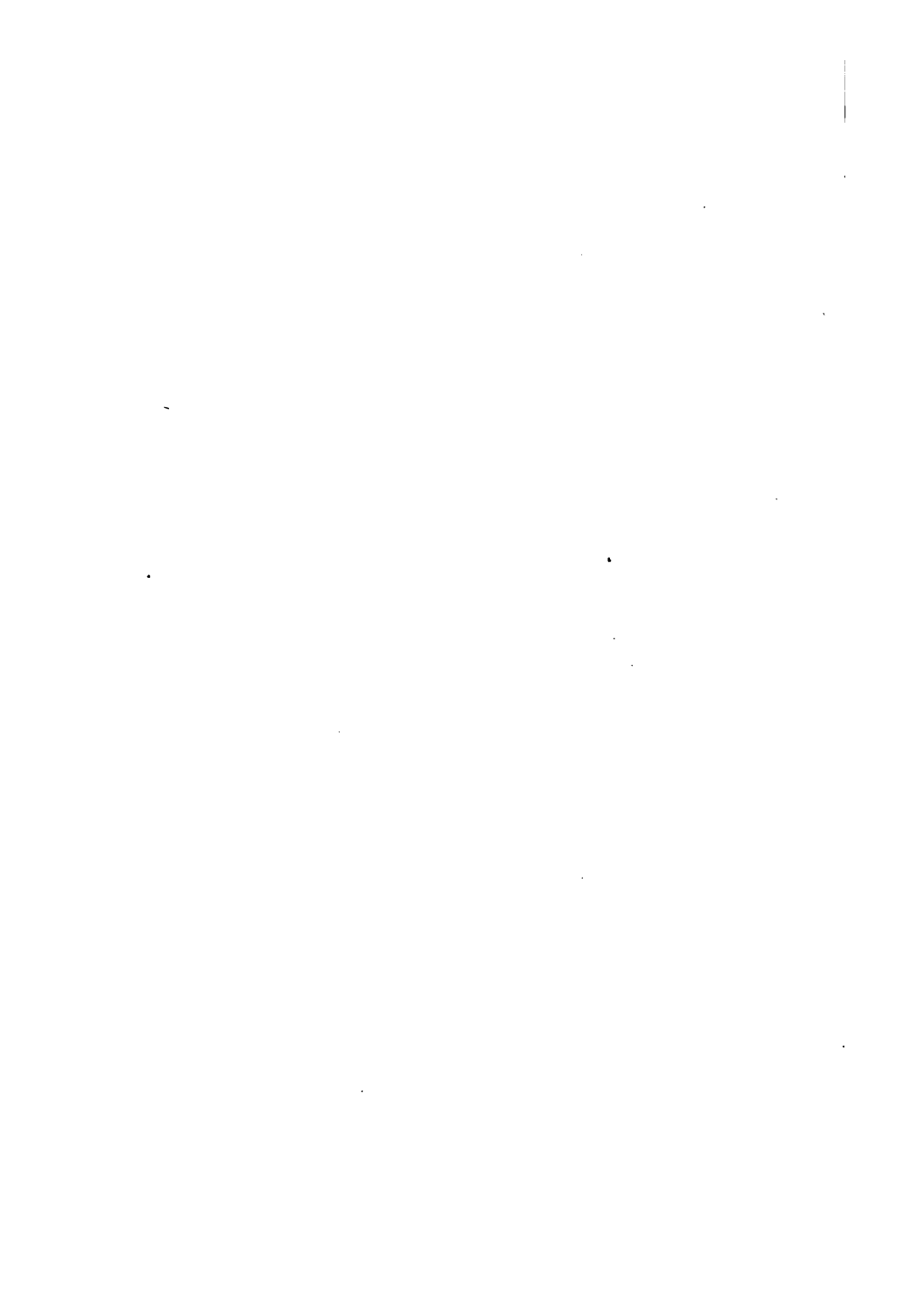
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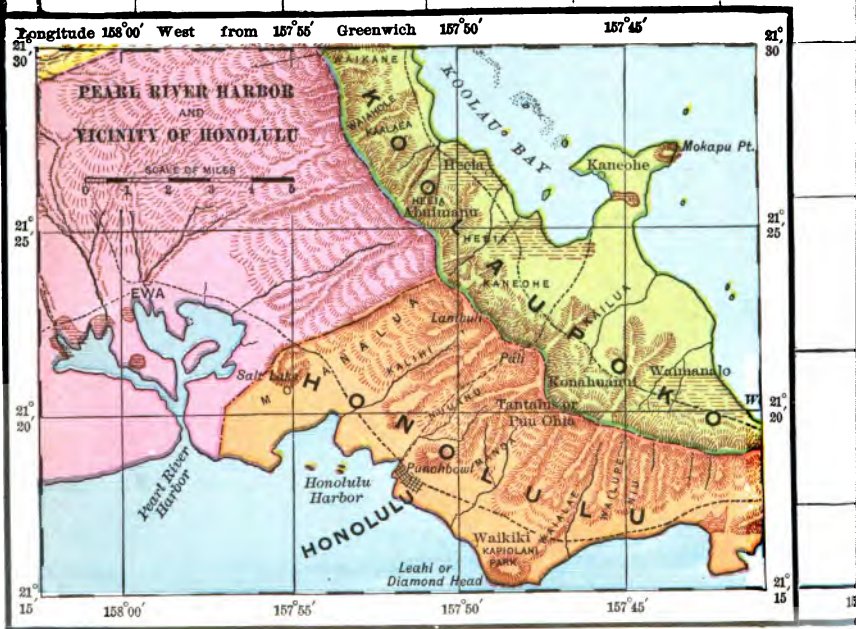
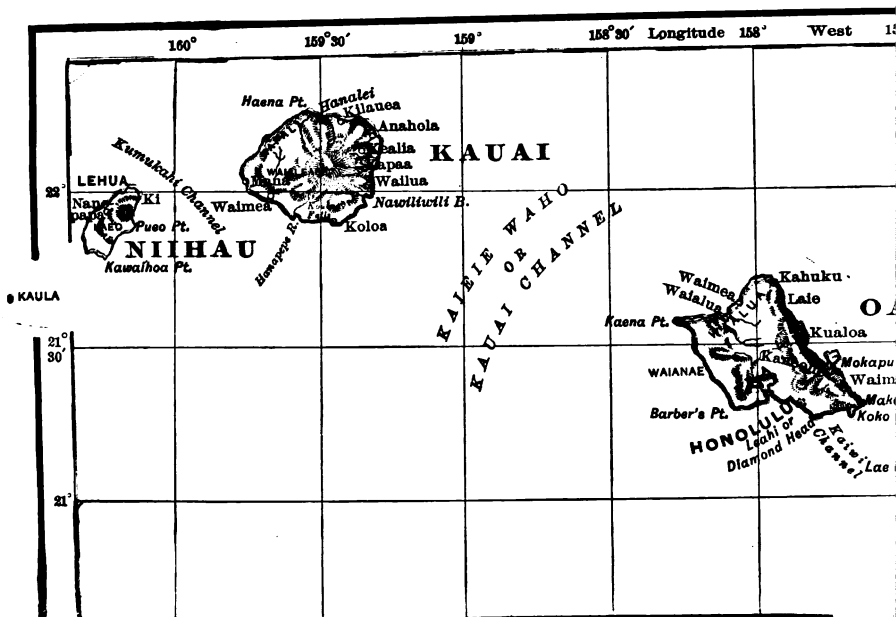












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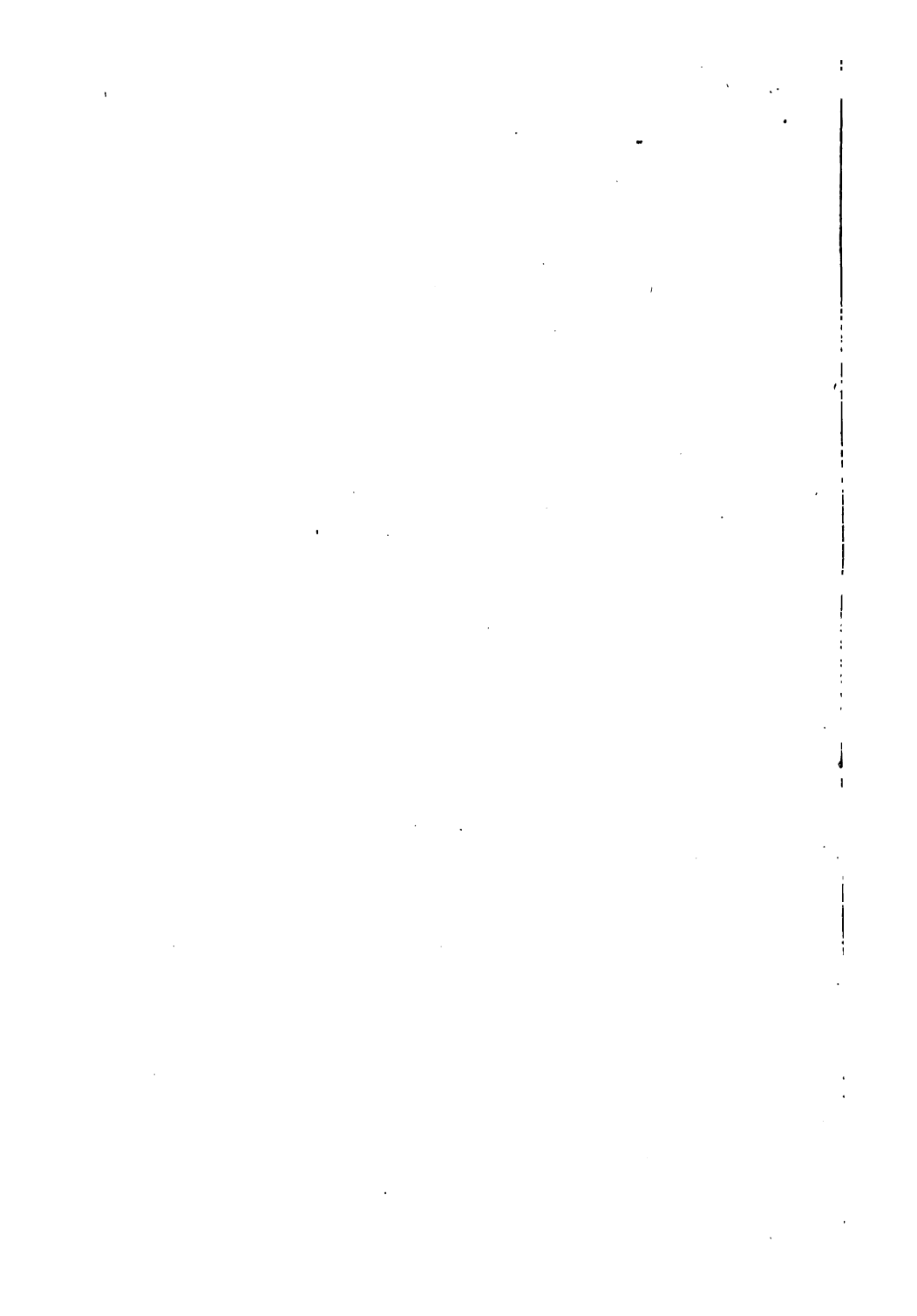
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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

ALICE'S VISIT
TO
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

BY

MARY H. KROUT

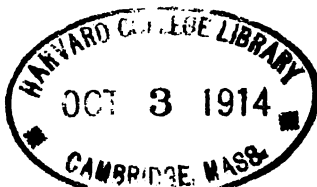
AUTHOR OF "HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION," "A LOOKER-ON
IN LONDON," ETC.



NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO
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KROUT'S HAWAII.
W. P. 14

PREFACE

SINCE the Hawaiian Islands have now become a part of the United States, and henceforth their history will be a part of our own, it is important that the children in our schools should learn something of the geography of these islands, and of the manners, customs, and history of the people who inhabit them.

In writing this imaginary journey to the Hawaiian Islands I have described the country and the people as they were studied by me during two actual visits. The volcano of Kilauea was at the time of my visit in a state of great activity, and the account which I have given of the wonderful spectacle was prepared from notes written within sight of the crater.

The history of the Hawaiian Islands, though restricted as to scene of action, has been as stirring and as dramatic as our own. Within a century the islands were conquered and brought under one government, during which time the race advanced steadily from barbarism to civilization.

The people are now to undertake that last and greatest of political experiments, self-government, for which their alliance with the United States during the past fifty years has been an excellent preparation.

The study of Hawaiian evolution affords such a variety of incident that it is somewhat difficult to decide, in the preparation of a book for children, what to reject and what to utilize. It is necessary, on the one hand, to consider the importance of customs in shaping the destiny of the people, and, on the other hand, to bear in mind the consequence of filling the impressionable minds of children with painful images and with facts that they cannot reconcile with justice.

What has been said of the influence of the American missionaries, as the first educators and lawmakers among the Hawaiians, is simply a statement of facts which may be corroborated by reference to the archives of the country.

Among books that have been especially helpful in the preparation of this work have been J. J. Jarves's "Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands," W. D. Alexander's "A Brief History of the Hawaiian People," Mrs. Judd's "Honolulu," Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop's "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," and "The Hawaiian Annual."

M. H. K.

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ALICE'S VISIT TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



I. THE VOYAGE

IF, at the time when this story begins, some one had come to Alice Earle and offered to fulfill her dearest wish, she would have asked, without a moment's hesitation, for a trip to Ha-wai'-i. For there was nothing in the world she liked better than traveling, and lately she had heard so much about Hawaii that this was now the place of all places she most longed to see. Imagine her delight, then, when she was told that her parents had decided to take her with them on a visit to the Ha-wai'ian Islands.

Alice was a clever little girl, who knew much more about geography than most children of her age. She was fond of searching for strange cities and countries on the maps in her father's library. She had been told that the Hawaiian Islands lie almost in the middle of the great Pacific Ocean, and, after a careful search, she found them on the map, — a cluster of tiny specks not so large as the letters of their name. The specks were so very small that it was hard for her to realize that Hawaii, the island for which the group was named, is as large as the state of Connecticut, and that upon another island of the group,

O-a'hu, there is a city called Hon-o-lu'lu, which has over twenty thousand inhabitants.

Her father told her that the group consists of eight large islands, besides several barren rocks. These eight islands are covered with forests and plantations — great cultivated tracts of land upon which sugar cane is raised. Upon all there are high mountain ridges, with



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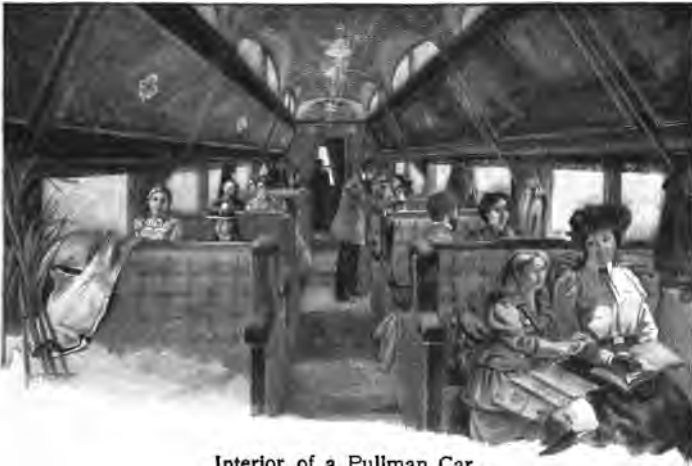
Eruption of Mauna Loa in 1899

peaks that are, or have been, volcanoes. Volcanoes are mountains having near their top an opening in the earth through which heated materials issue forth — streams of melted rock or *lava*, ashes, mud, water, steam, and gases. A part of each island, at some time, has been buried under this lava, which hardens as it cools, and upon which very few plants can grow.

On Hawaii, the largest island, two of the mountains, Mau'na Ke'a and Mau'na Lo'a, are nearly fourteen

thousand feet high, and their tops are covered with snow that never melts.

Alice lived in Chicago, and she was to start on her long journey on the first of February. It was very cold, and the ground was covered with snow and ice. It seemed strange to see her mother putting into the trunk the thin gowns which she wore only in the summer; but



Interior of a Pullman Car

she was told that in the Hawaiian Islands it is never cold except high up on the mountains, and that most of the time she would have to wear her light muslin gowns.

Once Alice had crossed the Atlantic Ocean on her way to England with her mother and father, and now as they took their seats in the Pullman car, for the long ride from Chicago to California, she had the same feeling of excitement.

They left Chicago at night, and when Alice awoke in the morning they were crossing a lofty bridge over the Mississippi, which was the broadest river Alice had ever seen. She was much interested in the pretty towns and villages in Iowa, with their rich farms and comfortable houses. At Council Bluffs there was another bridge, over the Missouri River. There are many bluffs upon the shores of this river, and on one of them the Indian tribes long ago held their meetings which gave the city, Council Bluffs, its name.

By the time they reached the borders of Iowa they had left the snow behind them, and as they went farther and farther west, Alice expected to see the steep summits of the Rocky Mountains, which she knew they were to ascend. This, she thought, would be no easy task for a long train of cars; but as yet the plains stretched about them on every side, apparently level and unbroken. She did not know that they were mounting higher and higher every moment, and but for an immense stone which had been placed to mark the highest point, she would never have known when they reached the top.

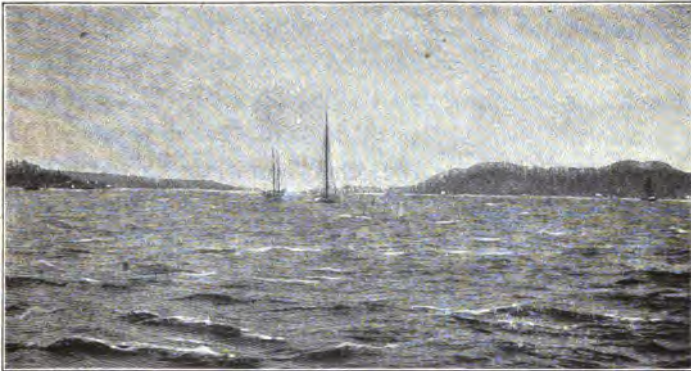
As they passed over the Sierra Nevada mountains Alice saw the snow piled many feet high along the tracks. But when early the next morning she lifted the curtain and looked out, it seemed as though spring had come upon them during the night, for they were descending into the green Sacramento valley, with its vineyards and almond orchards. The trees in all their glory of pink blossoms were beautiful to behold.

At Oakland they left the train and crossed the bay to

San Francisco. The next day they went on board a ship called the *Mariposa*, a Spanish word meaning "Butterfly."

There were a great many people on the decks, some about to sail, and others who had come to see them off. Some of the passengers were going out to New Zealand and Australia, far beyond the Hawaiian Islands.

Presently a little Japanese steward beat the gong, the visitors went ashore, and in a few moments the ship



The Golden Gate

began to move slowly from the dock out into the harbor and toward the Golden Gate. Alice had heard a great deal about the Golden Gate; she was a little surprised to find that it was not a real gate, but two high cliffs that rose opposite each other at the narrow entrance of the bay. The ocean was just outside, and it was dangerous for ships to venture through the narrow opening except in broad daylight. Upon the ocean the water was much rougher than upon the bay, where the high,

steep shores afforded shelter from the wind; and the *Mariposa* rolled and tossed about upon the waves.

Although it was winter, it was quite warm, and Alice and her parents were able to stay upon the deck from the moment the ship left the dock.

As they sailed toward the south, it grew warmer every day, and Alice was soon glad to take off her heavy serge dress and put on a little linen frock. She liked the Pacific Ocean much better than the Atlantic.

When she went to England she sailed from New York in July, but as soon as she was out of sight of land it grew cold and the sea became very rough. There was much fog and rain, and she had scarcely a glimpse of the sun until the shores of Ireland were in sight. The air of the Pacific, on the other hand, was as warm and soft in February as in June.

For the first few days great flocks of snow-white sea gulls followed the ship; then they disappeared, and numbers of brown gulls circled about the vessel, diving and struggling for the food tossed overboard by the

passengers. These birds came out to meet the ship, and flew about it all the way to Honolulu.

Once in a while Alice saw, a long distance off, a dark wavy line, show-



Flying Fish

ing just above the water, out of which rose a slender stream like a fountain; this was caused by a whale

spouting water high into the air through its nostrils. But the flying fish were the most interesting of all. They rose from the dark blue waves like little flocks of snow-white birds. They did not really fly, but leaped out of the water with great force and were borne along by their wet fins, which served as sails.

When the voyage was nearly at an end, Mr. Earle pointed out a beautiful bird which he said the sailors call the "boatswain bird." It is pure white, with two long feathers in the tail like graceful streamers. It builds its nest and rears its young in high cliffs upon the land, and its wings are so strong that it can fly far out to sea in search of food.

It rained very often as the vessel approached the Hawaiian Islands, but the warm, bright showers were soon over. Sometimes Alice could see two or three black clouds just above the horizon, out of which the rain was streaming in long, slanting lines. The clouds were really many miles apart, so that while it was raining in one place, the sun was shining in another. With these frequent showers there were to be seen beautiful rainbows. They were of brilliant hues, red, yellow, green, blue, and violet, each color separate and distinct, and the perfect arch seemed to spring from the sea. The islands are so noted for their beautiful rainbows that the natives called them "The Islands of Rainbows."

The first land that was sighted was the island of Mo-lo-kai'. It looked, in the distance, like a huge tortoise resting on the water. Upon this island many poor people are confined who are ill with a terrible disease, called leprosy, which can never be cured. They are

sent away from their homes on the other islands, so that their friends and relatives may not be in danger of catching the disease from them and becoming lepers like themselves.

Oahu appeared still farther away. The coast was very bare and rugged, seamed and rent into chasms, and reddened by fierce fires, ages before, when the island had been violently thrown up from the bed of the ocean.

Upon a high, rounded crag called Ko'ko Head, there was a telephone station. When ships are first seen far out at sea, the news is immediately telephoned to Honolulu, and it is soon known that the ship has arrived in safety and that the voyage is over.



II. HONOLULU

JUST outside the harbor of Honolulu a pilot came in a little boat to meet the steamer and guide it among the rocks and shallow places to the dock.

A number of dark-skinned men rowed the pilot's boat with great ease and skill. These were Hawaiians, the race of people born in the Islands, whose ancestors lived there, long before Hawaii was known to Americans or Europeans. They wore blue or white cotton clothing; and around their necks and hats were hung thick wreaths of flowers, which they called *le'is*. When they reached the ship, a rope ladder was let

down over the side, and up this the pilot climbed and leaped on deck.

All on board were glad to see him and they asked him a great many questions, for they had been at sea for eight days during which time they had heard no news from the land.

A little later two other men were taken on board, — the customs officer and the health officer. It is the



Harbor of Honolulu

business of the health officer to see that everybody on the ship is well. Had there been any contagious disease among the passengers, the ship would have been anchored out in the harbor near an island called the quarantine station, until the sick people were well, and there was no danger to those on the shore. This is very necessary in Honolulu, for the Hawaiians catch contagious diseases very easily, and great numbers of them die.

Sometimes the ship is not even allowed to stop at the quarantine station, and none of the passengers can go ashore except those whose homes are in the Islands. Even they must stay at the quarantine station until the health officer is certain that they are quite well, and free from contagion.

The customs officer gave Mr. Earle a long sheet of paper containing a great many questions about his age, his business, the country in which he was born, and his family. He was also asked if he had brought in his trunk any articles on which the government had laid a tax, called duty. Alice remembered that similar questions had been asked them in Liverpool, when they went to England, and in Calais, when they went across to France. In Honolulu, as in Liverpool, in Calais, and in New York, the trunks had to be unlocked so that the officers might see what they contained.

Alice thought that she had never seen anything more beautiful than the harbor. The water was bluer even than the ocean, and there was not a ripple upon its smooth surface, which was crossed with bands of pink, brown, and yellow. There was a long line of ships along the dock. The captain said that once this line of ships had extended along the shore for more than a mile, and that they lay so close together that a man could step from one deck to another. They were sailing vessels that had come out from New England to catch whales, which were to be found in great numbers in the ocean south of the Hawaiian Islands.

The beach for several miles beyond the city curved

like a crescent along the sea, bordered all the way by groves of cocoa palms. These trees were slender and tall, with smooth trunks and leaves growing in the top like plumes, and they were all bent and twisted by



Cocoa Palms

the winds. Here and there among the groves Alice could see fine houses, quite close to the beach. In the city, also, there were a great many trees, and the breeze from the land was as fragrant as though it had blown across a garden full of flowers.

As the ship moved slowly up to the dock, numbers of brown, black-eyed Hawaiian boys swam around the bows and dived for the coins which the passengers threw overboard. The water was so clear that the bright coins could be seen distinctly to a great depth.

When Alice saw the crowds of people on the dock where she went ashore, it was hard to realize that it



Type of Hawaiian Woman

was winter. She knew that in Chicago the ground must still be covered with snow. Here, in Honolulu, everybody was dressed in white, the women and children in pretty muslins, and the men in white linen coats and trousers, such as are worn in all warm countries.

The white people waiting for their friends to come ashore were mainly Americans. The Hawaiians resembled those who had rowed the health officer's boat; they had dark skin, dark straight hair, black eyes, and good features. They spoke a strange, musical language which, of course, Alice could not understand, and they cried to each other, "*A-lo'ha, Aloha.*" This is the Hawaiian expres-

sion for "my love to you," and is used by the natives both when they meet and when they part.

The women wore odd gowns with yokes and long, full skirts. These were called *ho-lo'kus*. It was the dress that was designed for them by the first white women who went out to the Islands from New England, and which they learned to wear instead of the long mantles which they themselves knew how to make. The holokus were almost all white, but a few were black, brown, and red. The women, like the men, wore thick wreaths of white, yellow, and scarlet flowers round their hats, and about their necks. Alice thought this a very pretty custom.

After they left the ship the Earles were driven at once to the hotel. The streets were crooked and narrow, but far cleaner than the streets of many cities in America.

Alice had supposed that Honolulu was so far away that one could not buy anything there that one might need, but she saw that the shops were very good. She noticed, too, that ladies who were shopping sat in their carriages, while the articles they wanted were brought out to them, which seemed very convenient.

The men and women passing to and fro, walking leisurely, with none of the hurry and bustle to which Alice was accustomed, were more interesting and amusing than any people she had ever seen. Among them were a great many Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, as well as sailors from German, English, Japanese, and American cruisers.

Alice thought that the Hawaiian women who were selling flowers were the oddest of all. They were dressed in calico holokus. The flowers were in baskets or were made up into stiff bouquets, or into leis, many of which were worn by the venders themselves.



Flower Women

They had brought with them food, and some of them had pet dogs and little pigs. They sat in rows upon mats stretched along the sidewalk, out of the way of the passers-by.

The hotel had shady balconies above and below, and the grounds were filled with ferns and palms, and many strange, beautiful plants and trees which Alice had

never seen before. The grass all over was very thick and green. One plant, with a large, thick leaf of brightest green, was the banana. A tree with fine, feathery leaves was the algaroba, and still another, with great spreading branches, was the umbrella tree, which Alice thought well named. Over one algaroba tree ran a vine that almost covered the boughs with



Punchbowl

masses of crimson flowers, and upon the lawn were beds of lilies and heliotrope.

From the veranda, at the back of the hotel, could be seen a low mountain with a jagged circular top that looked as if the peak had been torn off. This was Punch'bowl. It had once been a volcano, but the fire had died out ages before, and it was covered, within and without, with thick grass and shrubs.

There were other tall peaks which Alice learned to

distinguish as Round Top and Tan'ta-lus. These were also covered with grass to the very top, and mist and clouds floated around them like a thin white veil. There were a great many kinds of people in the hotel, as well as in the streets,—Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Americans, and a few Europeans who were trav-

eling through the Islands.



Taro Plant

For luncheon Alice had some ripe, sweet strawberries, which grow in the Hawaiian Islands all the year round. She also had cocoanuts which were not like any that she had ever eaten before; they were not quite ripe, and the meat was soft, like jelly, and had to be eaten with a spoon.

Each nut contained a quart of clear fluid that looked like water, but had a delicious sour flavor, not at all like the white milk that Alice had poured from cocoanuts at home.

Another strange fruit was the guava, with its pink, fleshy meat full of hard seeds. Alice had eaten guava jelly, and she thought it much better than the ripe fruit from which it was made.

The coffee — Ko'na coffee — also grew in the Islands.

It was rich and strong, and could not be bought anywhere else, as the people raised only enough for their own use.

Hundreds of young Kona trees have, however, been set out on the new plantations, and some day Kona coffee will be sent to the United States.

In the morning Alice breakfasted on some small, delicious fish called mullets that had been brought from large fish ponds a few miles out of Honolulu. There was also *poi*, a porridge of which the Hawaiians are very fond. Many of them eat scarcely any other food.

Poi is made from the root of a large-leaved plant, the *ta'ro*, which is boiled until it is quite soft, and then kneaded into a sticky paste. In ancient times the poi was pounded in a large wooden tray with a stone pestle and was



Calabashes

then steamed in an underground oven with heated stones. Hawaiians who eat too much of it grow very fat.

It is of a pinkish gray color and somewhat sour. When the Hawaiians eat poi they pour it into a cala-

bash, a deep wooden bowl, which in former days constituted the chief article of furniture in Hawaiian homes. All the family gather around it, sitting on the floor or on the ground. Each person dips his finger into the poi, rolls a portion of it into a little ball on the tip of his

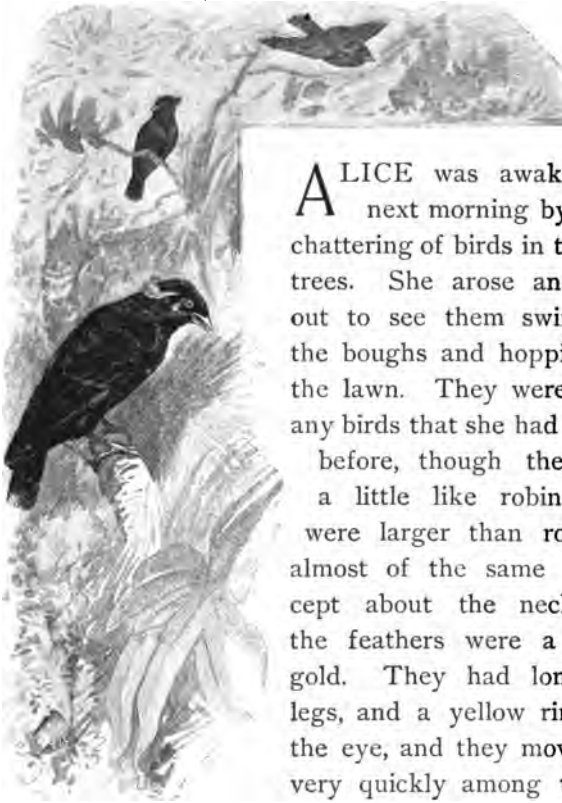


A Hawaiian Hotel

finger and quickly tosses it into his mouth. To spill any of the porridge is considered unmannerly.

The dining room was large and airy, and through the open windows Alice saw the waving boughs of the palms, and heard the chattering of birds. It was like fairyland, and she felt that she could be happy in Honolulu all her life, and that she should never care to go back to a country with frost and snow, where the flowers do not bloom the whole year round.

III. THE DRIVE TO WAIKIKI



Mynahs

ALICE was awakened the next morning by the loud chattering of birds in the mango trees. She arose and peeped out to see them swinging on the boughs and hopping about the lawn. They were not like any birds that she had ever seen before, though they looked a little like robins. They were larger than robins, but almost of the same color, except about the neck, where the feathers were a greenish gold. They had long yellow legs, and a yellow rim around the eye, and they moved about very quickly among the trees. Alice's father said they were mynahs, and that they had been

brought from India to Hawaii.

Mynahs are saucy, mischievous birds, and seem to be afraid of nothing. They are very thievish, and steal any bit of lace or wool or ribbon that is left in their way

While Alice was in Honolulu she heard a great many stories about the mynahs. One of her little playmates was collecting postage stamps for her album. A mynah's nest was shaken out of a tree by the wind, and when the little girl ran to pick it up she found two rare stamps neatly pieced into the side of the nest. They made a bright bit of color, and the mynah, no doubt, had stolen them from some veranda or window sill, where the careless owner had left them.

A gentleman told Alice another interesting story about the mynahs. In an unused building on his land there was a room that had been closed for a long time. One day he unlocked the door and found in the middle of the floor a great heap of rubbish,—small twigs, grass, paper, string, and pieces of cloth. Looking about, he saw a small hole in the ceiling, through which, he at once concluded, the mynahs had carried the rubbish into the room, thinking, no doubt, that it would never be discovered.

After breakfast the Earles went for a drive to Wai-ki'ki. This is a suburb, lying along the beach, which they had seen from the deck of the ship. The road is solid and smooth, running for several miles quite close to the sea. A wall of stone has been built to prevent the waves from washing across the road. On one side are high mountains, with the cool green valleys at their base. On the other side lies the sea, deep and blue and very still along the beach. Farther out there are rough waves that come swiftly rolling in, till, striking against a coral reef, they toss their white spray high up into the air.

These reefs, or sunken ledges of coral, are composed

of the skeletons of thousands of little animals called coral polyps. The coral polyps live only under the water, and die when they come to the surface. The reefs they build up are often several miles broad and sometimes extend for hundreds of miles along the coast. The water between the reef and the shore is called a lagoon, and here, even in storms, it is safe to row or swim. Outside the reef the sea swarms with sharks, big savage fish, which, whenever they can catch them, eat the swimmers who venture out beyond the reef. This does not happen very often, as the Hawaiians are the most wonderful swimmers in the world, and are not much afraid of the sharks, which they attack with great courage.

Almost all the Hawaiians that Alice met, walking or riding, — even the men who were cleaning the streets, — wore wreaths of flowers. Their horses were poor and wretched, for although there are a great many pastures, the grass is not fattening.

Alice had never before seen women ride like the Hawaiian women. They wear holokus, but sit astride their horses like men.

In the old days their riding dresses were of very gay colors, — blue, pink, yellow, green, and crimson; they were long and flowing, and, as the women galloped through the streets, these gowns streamed out on either side like wings, making, with their wreaths of flowers, a very pretty picture.

All the people whom Alice passed were good-natured and polite; they bowed and smiled, waved their hands, and said, "Aloha."

As they passed along, Alice would now and then see horses standing in the ponds with heads bent until the water almost reached their eyes. She wondered at this till she was told that the horses were eating a weed that grows at the bottom of the ponds. She often stopped and laughed to see the saucy mynahs perched



Women Riding

on the backs of pigs and cows that went about their way quite unconcerned.

On the edge of the city there were numbers of Chinese shops, with little children standing in the doorway. Alice saw many other Chinese children on their way to school. They looked clean and happy. The little boys and girls were dressed very much alike. They

wore wide trousers, with long, loose jackets of dark blue. Some of them were barefooted and wore around one ankle a band of brass, or jade, a green stone much admired by the Chinese. Some wore little close-fitting caps, while others were bareheaded, with their black



Cocoanut Tree

hair combed very smoothly and braided in a long braid or cue, which hung down the back or was thrown daintily across one arm. Sometimes the cue was lengthened with pink cord braided in with the hair.

Alice passed several cocoanut groves. For the first time, she saw the cocoanuts growing. They grow

together, many in a bunch, among the boughs in the top of the tree. The trunks, which lean in many directions, are easy to climb. This, the rats soon discover, and sometimes they make their nests among the cocoanuts, that they may have their food close at hand. It is easy for them to gnaw through the yellowish husk and the shell, and eat the soft meat, and drink the milk, of which the young rats, also, are very fond.

Passing the gardens of the Chinese, Alice found them neat and well tilled. They were laid out in beds, around each of which was a narrow canal. In the beds vegetables and bananas were growing. Under the shade of the bananas ducks hatched their broods, which swam up and down the little canals.

The Chinese and Japanese eat a great many ducks. The men who work on the plantations would be disappointed if they did not get a dried duck for their Sunday dinner. They hatch a great many of the eggs by burying them in oat chaff. The young ducks are kept to themselves in little yards inclosed in wire net. When the "duckery" lies upon the bank of a stream the young ducks are kept apart in the same way on the water, for they could not always defend themselves against the stronger ducks.

Before the Chinese came to Honolulu it was very hard to get fresh vegetables. The Hawaiians are by nature lazy and not used to hard work, and the white men could not endure the heat of the sun. When the Chinese came they bought the wet, swampy land near the city, which was thought worthless. They drained and plowed it, and soon had fine gardens

where before nothing had grown but grass and weeds. They raised melons and corn, tomatoes, peas, and cucumbers, and almost everything that we can buy in our own markets.

After Mr. Earle had driven some distance, he left the road, and turned in at the entrance of Ka-pi-o-la'ni



Kapiolani Park

Park. This park was named for the wife of King Ka-la-kau'a. It was filled with beautiful ferns and palms and flowering plants, and there were canals everywhere, winding in and out among little grassy islands.

The houses were set back from the road in the midst of lawns and widespreading trees, and many of them

had no chimneys. This was because it was seldom cool enough to need a fire. Fires were kindled only in the kitchens or "cook-houses," which stood apart, often some distance from the house in which the family lived, just as Alice had seen them in the Southern states, where she often visited her relatives. The grounds about the houses were surrounded by stone walls or



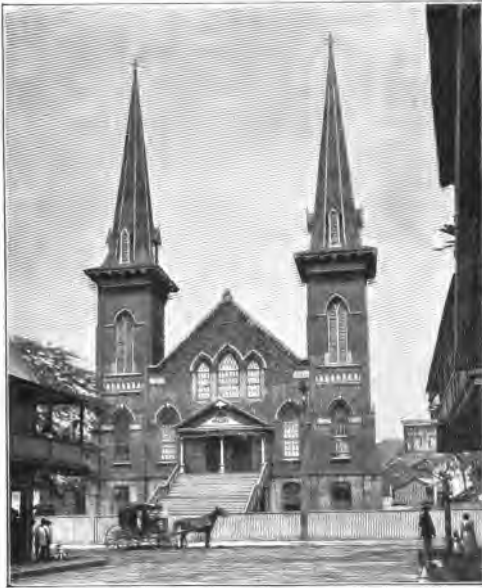
Diamond Head

high wooden palings, but the gates always stood open, so that people could walk in and out as they liked. There were very few weeds in the fields or in the gardens, and even along the roadside the grass was thick and fine.

They now drove through a grove of algaroba trees, quite close to the foot of Diamond Head, the tall cliff rising above Waikiki. Alice's father said that the algaroba, like most of the trees they had seen, did not grow upon the Islands when white men first came

there to live, but had been brought from other countries by French missionaries. The fine, feathery leaves make a thick shade, the wood is used for fuel, and the long seed pods make good fodder for the cattle.

Alice had seen two churches in her drive, one of coral, cut in blocks, and the other of wood. The coral



A Hawaiian Church

church was built by the missionaries from blocks of coral brought by their Hawaiian friends as gifts. This was the church attended by the king and queen, who sat in the rear, in seats much higher than the other pews, to show that they were of higher rank.

The little wooden church was old and weatherbeaten.

In the churchyard surrounding it were many graves, among which sat several Hawaiian women. After the death of friends and relatives, it was their custom to spend many days at a time in the churchyard, and there they sewed and wove fans and mats, and even cooked and ate their food. Before they were taught better by the missionaries, they used to bury their dead near the door or under the floor of their huts. Mothers would often put their children to death as soon as they were born, and adopt the children of their friends and neighbors. Alice was glad to know that such cruel things were now no longer done.



IV. GRASS HOUSES

MR. and Mrs. Earle found the people of Honolulu very kind and hospitable. To some of them they had brought letters of introduction from friends at home, and these people came at once to call on them, or to invite them to dine and to drive.

The week after they arrived they were all invited to Wai-me'a, a pretty place ten or twelve miles from the city, on Pearl Harbor. This was a little inlet of the sea which King Kalakaua had given the United States permission to use for a coaling station — a place where large supplies of coal are brought and stored for the use of ships that pass there on their way back and forth across the sea. Such stations are necessary because the furnaces by which the boilers are heated

consume several thousand bushels of coal every day, and most ships could not carry enough to last during a voyage of three or four weeks.

It was a beautiful morning, and they drove to the little station of the only railway on the island of Oahu, which runs from Honolulu to the principal towns of



A Hawaiian Avenue

Oahu, and to the large sugar plantations on the island. This is a great convenience to people living on the plantations. One car was filled with Hawaiian men and women.

From the station they walked to the house of their friend, Mr. Danvers, whom they were to visit. Alice had never before seen a house like this. It was

called a bungalow. The roof sloped from the center, broadening toward the eaves. It was one story high, and there were wide verandas all round it, furnished with hammocks and with wicker tables and chairs. While they rested, three or four young Hawaiian girls



Oahu Railway

played very prettily upon a little instrument something like a mandolin, and sung some wild and mournful Hawaiian songs. After luncheon they walked about the grounds under the shade of the algaroba trees.

Mr. Danvers wished them to see his grass houses which had been made by a Hawaiian, nearly eighty

years of age. These huts were like those in which the people had lived before they learned to build houses of wood and brick, and none of the younger Hawaiians knew how to make them. Either they had never been taught, or they had forgotten. The grass houses were oblong, with steep, sloping roofs, the grass being fas-



Native Grass House

tened to a framework of light poles. The frame was tied together with strings made of the fiber of plants, for the Hawaiians formerly had no nails. The roof was thatched with securely fastened layers of grass which the rain could not penetrate. The covering of the ends and sides was interwoven and braided like a mat; but it was many inches in thickness. This made the grass house

cool when the weather was warm, and warm when the days were rainy and chilly. There were no windows, and but one door, so low that Mr. Earle could not enter the house without stooping.

Mr. Danvers had furnished one of the grass houses in imitation of those formerly occupied by Hawaiian families of high rank. The hut consisted of a single room, the floor of which was of earth beaten smooth and hard, and covered with fine white mats of woven grass. At one end a low platform, several yards in width, extended across the hut, and here the family and their visitors slept.

The bed was of rushes spread with mats, and the round hard bolster was also covered with matting, which seemed to Alice rather uncomfortable. The bedclothes were not of cotton or woolen material, but of a kind of paper, called *ta'pa*, very much like the paper used in paper napkins. Some of this tapa was soft and thin and silky, while the rest was thicker and coarser.

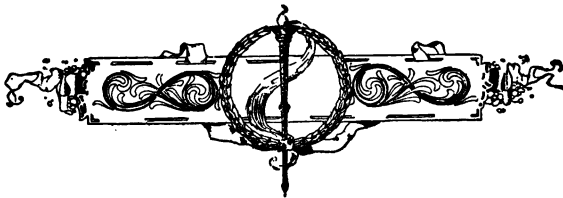
Mr. Danvers explained that the tapa is made from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree, which is beaten in water with heavy mallets, until it is crushed into a soft mass. It is then fashioned into strips of the thickness required, and the strips are overlapped at the edges and beaten together so neatly and smoothly that the seam can hardly be noticed. The clothing of the Hawaiians in the old times was also made of tapa. The tapa, at first a grayish white, is colored with dyes made of plants and minerals, purple, pink, green, and brown, and decorated in pretty patterns of straight or waving lines.

The furniture of the house consisted of a few stools and calabashes, the wooden bowls for holding food and water. The calabashes were made of a fine, hard-grained wood either of *ko'a* or of *ko'u*, which was brilliantly polished. These calabashes had been shaped with stone tools, for the Hawaiians had no tools of iron or steel, until after the white men came to the Islands.

The Hawaiian women made the tapa, and wove the mats for the floors and beds, besides cooking the food.

The candle was certainly the oddest that Alice had ever seen; the kernels of a small nut had been strung on a splinter of bamboo, and the nut at the end of the string was lighted and burned several minutes; then the second caught fire and so on until all were burned. The nuts were gathered from the *ku-ku'i*, or candle nut tree which grows everywhere on the mountain sides, and which can easily be recognized by its pale gray-green leaves among the darker foliage.

Some of the richer Hawaiians used lamps of stone, in which fish oil was burned. The Hawaiians used to fear darkness, being much afraid of ghosts and evil spirits. It was long before the missionaries could convince them that such spirits do not exist, and that the nighttime is just as safe as the day.



V. HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS

WHEN the party returned to the comfortable veranda of the bungalow, Mr. Danvers, who had been born and bred among the natives, told them a great many interesting tales about the old Hawaiians.



Fishing with a Spear

Alice learned that besides poi and fruit they also ate a great deal of fish, and that the fishermen were very clever in the use of spears and nets, with which the fish were caught. When the Islands became so crowded with people that food grew scarce, the chiefs gave to

each family a small plat of ground in which they planted the taro for their poi. These little gardens were surrounded by low stone walls.

When the supply of fish began to fail, the great fish ponds were dug, filled with water, and stocked with mullet. These ponds lay in a narrow valley between



Fishing with a Net

two low mountain peaks, which could be seen from Mr. Danvers's veranda.

In fishing at sea, the nets were let down to a very great depth, and thousands of fish were taken at once, so that after a while they became very scarce.

All the best food was kept for the chiefs; to men of lower rank it was forbidden by law. Any breaking of this law was punished by death.

A very troublesome custom invented by the priests and chiefs was the tabu. This was a rule forbidding the people to do certain things, to eat certain kinds of food, to wash at certain seasons, forbidding them at

times even to attend the sick or bury the dead. All food set apart for the priests and chiefs was said to be tabu. A little girl once had her eyes put out for eating a banana, a fruit reserved for men of high rank. She would have been put to death, had she not been the daughter of a chief.

Whenever the priests performed solemn religious ceremonies, a general tabu was declared. Then no one could walk about, or speak, or make a sound; the fowls and dogs and pigs were shut up in the dark, that they might think it was night, and keep quiet. This silence lasted from sunrise until sunset, and if even a dog barked, or a hen cackled, the tabu was violated, and the whole ceremony had to be performed over.

The people found the tabu so un-

comfortable that they kept very still, in order to get through with it as soon as possible.

The idols, which the priests carried in battle, and in times of peace kept in little temples or sacred houses, were very hideous.



Old Idol

The people worshiped four chief gods. One they thought dwelt in the savage shark, another in the volcano, a third in the earth, and a fourth in the air.

Men and women never ate at the same table. Parents loved their sons far better than their daughters. When a boy was five years old, if he was of high rank, he was allowed to eat pork and bananas, and thereafter he never again sat at table with his mother or sisters.

The Hawaiians made little sledges with curved, polished runners and coasted down the grassy hillsides. They also played at bowls and threw spears at a target; and the chiefs were fond of shooting mice with bows and arrows,—a sport in which no one else could engage. They ran races and wrestled; and in their boxing matches struck such heavy blows that men were frequently killed.

The most popular of all their pastimes was swimming. They used a very long, narrow board, with which men, women, and even children swam out to sea until they met a huge wave, when they threw themselves upon the swimming board and were borne swiftly to the shore. They were so skillful in this dangerous amusement that they were rarely hurt or drowned. They were also very fearless in leaping over high waterfalls, into the deep pools below. Indeed, they spent so much time in the streams and the sea, that they were almost as much at home in the water as on the land.

Few of the Hawaiians of to-day would venture to leap over even a small waterfall, and they rarely use their swimming boards.

Whenever the Hawaiians were sick, they believed either that they had been bewitched, or else, by failure to visit the sacred houses and offer gifts to the priests, had offended some evil spirit.

Native doctors, or sorcerers, who had all sorts of dreadful remedies, were called in to give medicine to the sick, or work charms or spells that would frighten away the evil spirits. Sometimes their patients were placed in steam baths, which they made by



Swimming with Boards

pouring water over heated stones. The old Hawaiians believed that their enemies could cause sickness or death, if they could obtain a bit of hair or finger nail of the man or woman whom they wished to harm, and they were careful to destroy such things. They were almost as much afraid of the doctors as of the priests and idols, and took pains not to offend them, and to keep them in good humor by giving them presents. To this

day there are a good many Hawaiians who will not call in a regular physician when they are ill, but secretly consult the native doctors, many of whom still thrive in the Islands.



VI. THE PALI

THE Hawaiian Islands are all very much alike. Across each there extends a high ridge, upon one side of which the island is bare and rocky, and on the other clothed with forests and rich valleys, through which countless brooks flow to the sea. The northeast trade winds blowing across the ocean bring moisture to the land in clouds. It turns into rain when it reaches the cool land, just as the moisture collects in drops upon the outside of a pitcher of ice water on a warm summer day. The clouds cannot cross the mountains, therefore, but condense into rain which falls upon one side of the ridge only, leaving the other side dry and parched.

The barren tracts in the Hawaiian Islands are not sandy, but are covered with lava. Lava is of a dull, gray color, and may be rough and jagged or smooth and glassy. There is now very little barren land on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu is located. But, long ago, there were few plants or trees, except the cocoanut near the sea, and the candle nut, the koa, and the kou, which grew on the high lands. Nearly all the useful plants, except the sugar cane, were brought to

the Islands by white men. There are people still living who can remember a time when the beautiful parks and gardens around Honolulu were but dry, dusty plains.

Oahu has more fertile land than the other islands, because there is an opening in the mountain ridge, through which the moisture from the sea may spread over the whole island. This cleft is called the Pa'li, a Hawaiian word which means "a rocky precipice." The Pali is, in reality, a "pass," or opening, in the mountain, through which a road has been made, leading down to the valleys on the other side.

There are parts of Oahu which have more rain than others; for only a little of the moisture of the sea is blown through the Pali by the tradé winds, so that some of the plantations are watered by wells sunk deep in the rock. This is called irrigation, and the sugar cane grows almost as well on this land as where a great deal of rain falls. The road to the Pali is one of the most beautiful in the world. No one who visits Honolulu ought to go away without being taken for a drive to the top of the precipice. The road starts from Nu-u-a'nu Avenue, a broad, smooth street, with tropical trees, shady gardens, and fine residences on either side. It is always kept very clean, and in good repair, and is never strewn with straw or bits of paper.

The day that Mr. Earle selected for the excursion which he planned to the Pali was clear and bright. The mynahs were chattering in the hibiscus hedges. Alice had seen the hibiscus at home, in greenhouses; it is a shrub bearing large scarlet flowers which are easily killed by the frost. Here she saw long hedges

which were covered with the brilliant flowers. The Hawaiians use them for wreaths, which they sometimes wear instead of hats or bonnets. The doves were mournfully cooing in the palm trees, — perhaps bewailing their sad fate, for the mynahs often fight them, break up their nests, and kill their young.

After they left the smooth, shady avenue, they came out into the open valley, from whose borders rose the steep mountains. Here were the burying grounds in which stood the royal tomb, where many of the Hawaiian kings were buried.

The mountain sides were thickly covered with the guava and the lantana, a shrub which is raised in green-houses in cold climates, but which has spread everywhere in Oahu, and has given the planters a great deal of trouble. It grows in dense thickets which are hard to root out.

As they began to ascend toward the Pali, Mr. Earle stopped and turned the carriage a little, that they might look back over the road by which they had come. The valley was like velvet, covered with soft, green grass. Here and there were the little garden plots that had belonged to the early Hawaiians; around them the low stone walls were crumbling into ruin.

Beyond the valley, the roofs and spires of the city could be seen above the tops of the mango and bread-fruit trees, with the tall, slender palms, like plumes, waving high above them all.

Beyond this was the bay, with all the ships lying along the dock, or at anchor, farther out; — the big white war ships, and the sailing vessels, some of which

had just finished their long voyage, while others were getting ready to sail with their cargo of sugar, coconuts, and pineapples.

The lagoon was very still and blue, and along the hidden reef, which did not show above the water, a

curling edge of foam shone white as snow. The ocean, still farther off, lay broad and blue, and seemed to melt into the sky. The gray, jagged, mountain peaks rose above them, the clouds moving across them very slowly.

A pack train—a drove of horses driven by little Japanese laborers and loaded with supplies of food—passed them on its way to the plantations on the other side of the Pali. The road was so steep that almost

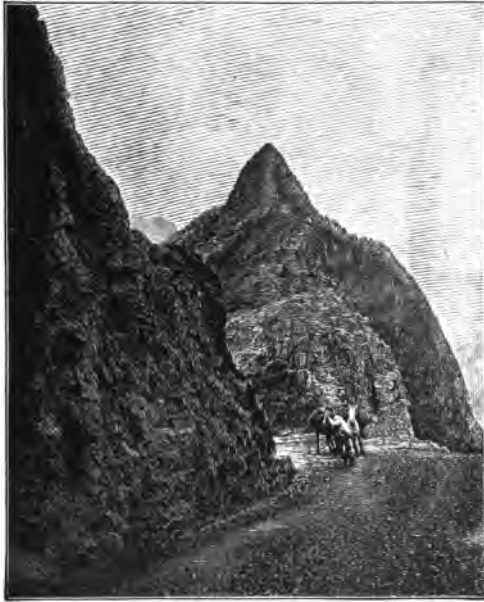


Guava.

everything was taken across the Pali in this way, or sent around by the sea in steamers.

When they reached the top of the Pali a thick mist suddenly shut them in. Mr. Earle told Alice that this was a cloud, and that if she were to walk through any of the heavy, gray clouds in the sky, she would find herself in just such a mist as this.

In a little while the breeze grew stronger, and the mist passed away, down the mountain side. But the wind blew with terrible force through the narrow Pali. Alice had to hold her hat to keep it from blowing away ; she could scarcely breathe. They could not hear each other



Pali Pass

speak, and the horses bent their heads as they struggled against the wind.

Mr. Earle shouted to one of the Japanese drivers of the pack train, and asked whether the road was clear on the other side of the Pali. The man shook his head and said that it would not be safe to drive over the road in such a gale. He then held the horses while the party walked

to the top and looked down upon the sugar plantations that spread out for miles below the Pali and resembled cornfields, except that the cane was a brighter green. They could see the houses of the planters, and the grass huts of the Japanese and Hawaiians around the sugar mills.

A wall was built along the edge of the precipice, at the very top, to prevent people from being blown over it in gales, and Alice felt a little dizzy as she looked down into the chasm. There were many days, Mr. Earle said, when the trade winds were blowing, on which it was not safe to visit the Pali; and this Alice could well believe.

Mr. Earle told Alice that a fierce battle had been fought in the Nuuanu valley by Ka-me-ha-me'ha the Great, against the chief who lived upon the island of Oahu. Kamehameha won the battle, and the people who fought against him were driven up the mountain side, through the Pali, where they leaped over the edge of the wall and were dashed to pieces.

This battle, which took place in 1795, was the last of several which made Kamehameha master of all save two of the Hawaiian Islands and it led finally to the union of all the islands under one government—the beginning of a new era for the country.



VII. THE VISIT TO HILO

AFTER they had spent some time in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Earle decided to go to Hi'lo, on the island of Hawaii. Next to Honolulu, Hilo is the largest town in the Hawaiian Islands. The great volcano, Ki-lau-e'a, is only thirty miles from Hilo; more than two hundred and fifty miles distant from Honolulu.

They were to sail in the *Ki-nau'*, a little steamer named after one of the great Hawaiian queens. The deck was crowded with natives who had been to see their friends in Honolulu, or were going to visit on the other islands. They sailed in the afternoon, and when they had lost sight of Oahu they could see the dark, steep shores of Molokai, where the poor lepers live. Molokai was still a long distance away, but much nearer than when they saw it from the deck of the *Mariposa*.

The channels between the islands were very broad, and the water was like the current of a wide, swift river. The little steamer rolled and tossed, so that very few of the passengers could stay on deck.

In the morning the engines stopped. Alice went with her father out of the cabin to the forward part of the deck, and saw that the steamer was quite close to the land. There were a few houses, a large store, and a little railway station. Having concluded to go ashore, they went down the rope ladder over the side of the vessel, into a big boat in which half a dozen Hawaiians were already seated. Mr. Earle said that the little village was Ma-hu-ko'na, on the island of Hawaii. It was on

the opposite side from Hilo, which was still a long distance away.

All that part of the island was covered with gray lava, but here and there a coarse sort of grass and a few lit-



Algaroba Tree

tle ferns had begun to take root. Algaroba trees were planted around the houses, and made a pretty green spot on the gray and barren mountain side. The algaroba is the only tree, except the palm, that will grow in the lava, which its fine roots can pierce and break. Mr. Earle said that some day, perhaps, the algaroba may spring up everywhere, and there will then be soil upon which grass and flowers can also grow.

The little railway ran around the coast to the plantations which were on the other side of the ridge. The cars were loaded with bags of sugar, which were to be piled into boats and drawn out to the ship by cables. There were so many bags that it took nearly all the morning to take them from the warehouse to the steamer.

The little cars were very plain and uncomfortable, Alice thought, and not at all like those in which she traveled in the United States. The seats were of wood, and there was no carpet in the aisles. But travelers could do very well without that in a warm country like Hawaii. The people who once had to go back and forth on horseback, over the lava, were glad enough to have any sort of a railway by which they could come and go quickly, and without fatigue. Some of the Hawaiians traveled by the little train, and others rode up the mountain side on horseback.

Alice could hardly see the road across the lava. The women on horseback wore holokus and broad-brimmed straw hats, and both men and women had wreaths on their hats and around their necks.

Mr. Earle pointed out to Alice the tall telephone poles by the roadside. He said they knew by this time in Hilo that the *Kinau* had reached Mahukona, as well as how many passengers there were on board. All the towns and plantations were connected by telephone lines. People used the telephone a great deal, and talked with one another many miles apart. Alice was surprised at this, for she had supposed the telephone was unknown in a country so far away as the Hawaiian Islands.

When the whistle blew, to tell them to come on board, they went down to the beach and were taken back to the *Kinau*, in one of the big boats. The water again became very rough, and when they reached Hilo, the next morning, it was raining hard.

Alice had never seen it rain so hard anywhere. The water fell almost in sheets. There was no dock where the passengers could be landed, so the *Kinau* anchored in the deep water, out in the bay, or roadstead. Alice was told that it rained more in Hilo than anywhere else on the globe, except one little valley among the mountains in India.



A Traveler's Palm and Rose Garden

Everything was dripping wet, the trees, the gardens, and the great, broad fields of sugar cane. Alice had never seen anything so beautifully green as these cane fields, which stretched for miles beyond Hilo, to the edge of the forest.

At the landing Alice had to be lifted up out of the boat into the shed which served as a shelter, and presently her father and mother joined her. It was rather

hard for them to climb to the platform, but they laughed and said that they were glad they were safe on shore. They were driven to a little hotel, an old-fashioned frame house, with gardens in the rear containing many palms and mango trees. Here they were to stay while they were in Hilo.

In the afternoon the sun came out, and they went for a walk. Alice thought Hilo even lovelier than Hono-



Tortoises

lulu. She had never seen so many palm trees, nor so many beautiful flowers. In one garden grew nothing but roses, white and red and pink. A narrow stream ran round the garden, and in the center, among the roses, stood a traveler's palm. The leaf stalks of this tree collect and hold the water from the rains, and travelers, passing through the forests, pierce the stalks and obtain water enough to quench their thirst. For this reason it is called the traveler's palm. The little

streams seemed to flow everywhere; across the lawns, and through the steep, rocky streets.

The party returned through a grassy paddock behind the house. In the paddock was the largest tortoise Alice had ever seen. Its shell was four or five feet in length and almost as broad. She was not in the least afraid of it, and her father lifted her on its back. It did not appear to feel her weight, and walked slowly along. Alice had never before taken so strange a ride as that. The tortoise had lived in the paddock for several years, and seemed quite contented. Mr. Earle said that it had been brought from the Ga-lap'a-gos Islands, where the tortoise grows to a very great size.

Alice went to bed very early, for the next day they were all to take the long drive to the volcano.



VIII. THE ROAD TO THE VOLCANO

ALICE could hardly believe that she had been asleep when her mother called her the next morning, and told her that the stage would be at the door in half an hour. She was very tired after the rough voyage from Honolulu and would have liked to rest. But she just had time to dress and eat her breakfast when the stage was ready to start off.

It was a shabby old stage, with two horses in rusty harness. But the Scotch driver was a good-natured man, who invited Alice to sit with him in the front seat.

Everybody along the road knew this driver and liked him, because he was kind and obliging and ready to do errands for anybody.

Besides the mail sacks, which he drew forward from under the seat, so that Alice might rest her feet upon them, he carried a variety of things which he had bought in Hilo for the people who lived on the plantations he was going to pass. There were books and parcels, and a neatly covered basket of meat.

As they drove out of Hilo they saw a great many Chinese shops like those in Honolulu. There were the same odd little Chinese children in their blue coats and green trousers. These were also barefooted, and had pink cords braided in with their cues. They were very silent, and watched the stage gravely. Their skin was dark, and their black eyes were small and slanting.

The Japanese were at work in the sugar plantations. They moved across the fields in long lines. Each man had a sharp, short knife. He cut the cane with one stroke, which felled the stalk, and passed on from row to row. When the cane was cut it was stripped of the long leaves and collected in bundles. Then it was ready to send to the mill to be ground. The sun was hot, and the men were covered with dust. But they worked very fast and appeared contented and cheerful.

A little farther on, an animal, larger than a cat, ran across the road and hid in a stone wall. Its fur was thick, and it had a big bushy tail. The driver told Alice that it was a mongoose. Mongooses were brought

from the West Indies to Hawaii to kill the rats that did much damage in the cane fields. Had the rats eaten just a little of the cane, the planters would not have cared ; but they were very greedy, and they gnawed and wasted a great many stalks before they found one exactly to their taste. The rats are afraid of the mongoose and run off and hide when they see or scent one. They



Japanese in the Cane Fields

know that in a fight they have very little chance to get away. But the mongoose itself has done much mischief ; and the planters sometimes wish that it had never been brought to the Islands. Rats will fight fiercely, especially when they find that they cannot escape, and the mongoose prefers to attack something that cannot so well defend itself. It is fond of eggs, and robs the nests, and comes into the poultry yard after young ducks and chickens, which it carries off. In this habit it is very much like the weasel. The mongoose also

kills and eats young pheasants, of which there are a great many in the Islands.

At one place, a party of men were building a road. They wore queer clothes of cotton cloth. One sleeve of the jacket and one trouser's leg was blue, and the other brown. The men were prisoners, who had been arrested for gambling and stealing, and were forced, in



Courthouse at Hilo

punishment, to work upon the roads. They were nearly all Chinese, or Japanese. There were no white men among them, and only a few Hawaiians. At night they were locked up in a small house, which could be taken to pieces and moved, so that they carried it with them as the road was finished.

The man in charge of the prisoners did not watch them very closely, and was quite kind to them. He said that they did not often try to run away, but were

good-tempered and easy to control. He told Mr. Earle an interesting story about a young Japanese who lived at Hilo. He was a cook who was arrested and put into jail in Hilo for fighting. The jailor liked him and felt that he had not intended to do wrong, so he unlocked the jail door every morning and let him out to go to the house where he worked. In the evening, when he had cooked his master's dinner and washed the dishes, he walked back to the jail, and the jailor locked him up again. He did this until the Japanese had been in jail as long as it was necessary for him to stay.

Usually, the Chinese and Japanese are industrious and well-behaved. Once in a while there are bad men among them, but there are rarely many men in the Hawaiian prisons.

The road was smooth and hard. It ran through the forests, and there was deep shade a great part of the way. Alice did not realize that they were going uphill all the time, although it grew cooler as they approached the volcano.

In the first forest through which the road had been made, there were only such plants and trees as grow in hot countries. Breadfruit and other useful trees had been planted along the roadsides, as cherry trees are planted along the roads in Germany.

In the forests there were tall, branching tree ferns, palms, and bananas. A strange vine, called the *i-a-i'-a*, wound round the trunks in thick coils like ropes. The end, which swayed to and fro, was like the yucca which Alice had seen growing in gardens at home. In the

center of the stiff, gray leaves was a long scarlet cone, like a very large pine cone; this was the flower of the iaia.

Here and there they saw deep holes, that were very broad at the top, narrowing at the bottom, until there



Breadfruit

was hardly room for a man to stand. These were the craters of little volcanoes. Ferns and vines grew over the walls in the shade and dampness. Alice thought that they were like gardens, which grew there without having to be watered and taken care of.

At noon they reached the Halfway House, a small

hotel in the forest, where they were glad to rest for an hour. The Halfway House was built upon a steep hill. The road wound up to the door, but there was a shorter path by a flight of steps made of logs. For the first time they heard a great many birds. The lower forest had been very silent.

They sat on the veranda and ate their luncheon, and they could see for a long distance up and down the smooth, shady road. When they set out again, after their noon rest, they saw cleared spaces here and there in the forest. These were coffee plantations, and the young plants were growing under such trees as had been left to shade them. Alice thought that it must take a great deal of patience to raise coffee, as the trees do not bear fruit for three or four years. All this time they must be watched and pruned, and kept free from blight and insects. The leaves of the coffee tree are a dark, glossy green. The flowers are pure white and very fragrant, like orange blossoms.

The driver was kept busy distributing the parcels he had brought for the people who lived in the houses which could be seen through the trees, far back from the road. Sometimes the parcels were given to a Hawaiian servant who ran down to the road to get them, when she heard the rattle of wheels. At other times they were placed in little boxes, nailed against a tree trunk, where they were safe. Once the driver hung a beefsteak tied up in a green leaf, to a hook which had been driven into a tree, high out of reach, so that it might be safe from dogs.

They passed many Hawaiian houses made of wood,

which were not clean like the grass huts at Wai-meā; the gardens were very untidy. Both men and women sat on the floor of their verandas, smoking pipes. None of them were at work. Many of the



Coffee Plantation

houses were surrounded by fences made of the trunks of tree ferns, cut into pieces two or three feet in length. The cutting had not killed the wood, which had sent out young shoots, so that the fence was almost like a hedge of growing ferns.

After a time, they reached a wide, sloping plain, whence the ocean could be seen surrounding three sides

berries, called *o-he'los*, which looked very much like cranberries.

The ohelo grows on the rocky ledge near the hotel. For a long time the people were afraid to eat ohelos without first offering a few to Pele, the spirit of the lake, who was supposed to be very fond of these berries.

Mrs. Earle promised that when they came up out of the crater she would tell Alice about Kapiolani, who made the people understand that there was no such spirit as Pele and that any one might gather the ohelos and eat them without harm.

It rained in the morning, but in the afternoon the guide came with the horses, and they all prepared to ride down into the crater. The bottom, or floor of the crater, was much narrower than the top, and was very irregular in outline. It was completely covered with lava. Some of this lava was smooth as ice, and some was jagged and twisted, like great ropes. It looked very dismal. Everywhere the steam came up through narrow cracks and openings in the lava.

When they had climbed into the saddles, the guide led the way and they followed. Mr. Earle told Alice to hold the reins firmly, that she might not fall, in case the horse should stumble. A timid girl would not have enjoyed such a ride, but Alice was not afraid, although it was not easy for her to keep her seat in the saddle. As they wound along the narrow path, the earth and stones broke loose and rattled down the side of the cliff.

Alice was glad when, at last, they reached the bottom. She looked around and thought she had never seen so

gloomy a place. Everything was gray, or streaked with color, where it had been stained by the steam. A narrow track led from the foot of the cliff to the fiery lake. On either side of the path an irregular line had been made of blocks of lava which were placed several feet apart, that the horses might not stray from the



Crater of Kilauea

path. This was necessary; for while the crust was thick in some places, in others it was so thin that it would very easily have broken through with the weight of the horses.

As the party drew nearer the fiery lake Alice was thankful that the blocks of lava had been placed along the path; for the steam was so dense that they had to wait until it cleared away, and they could not have kept in the road but for the little wall.

At one place there was a deep chasm over which a bridge had been built. This had opened once, when a party of men were down in the crater. They heard a noise like thunder, and felt the earth tremble beneath their feet. The cliffs shook as if they would fall, and the party hurried along the path, following the chasm until they came to a narrow place at the head of it, over which they could jump. Then they climbed up the zigzag path to the top and were saved. But the guides, who had left them, were badly frightened, and they came running to meet them. They were glad when they found that all had escaped in safety. The shaking of the earth and the trembling of the cliffs had been caused by other fires, like those in the boiling lake, deep down out of sight under the lava crust. This crust was raised and shaken by the steam and heat inside.

The lava takes many strange forms. As it flows it falls in little cascades, which harden and become like stone. There are hillocks and great hollow bubbles, and blowholes, like chimneys, through which the steam and smoke rise and float away.

After a while they came to a little hut not far from the fiery lake. Here they left their horses with the guides, and went the rest of the way on foot. Alice could feel the heat of the lava through the thick soles of her boots, which were quite badly scorched.

The lake, close at hand, looked terrible as they approached it. It was a thousand feet long and nearly as wide, and it had built up all around the margin a rim of rough lava. A great deal of the surface of

the lake was covered with a gray scum. The scum wrinkled and cracked in every direction, and out of the seams little jets of flame burst forth. They hissed and burned brightly, just as Alice had seen the flames break from a piece of burning coal. Sometimes the smoke burst out, before the flame appeared.



Lava Overflow

There were hundreds of these little hissing fires. But the most awful of all were two great fountains of fire which rose and fell without ceasing. They leaped high into the air, and fell back into the lake with a roar like that of the sea. Even near at hand one could not hear another speak.

The boiling lava in the lake, which was white hot everywhere beneath the scum, did not flow over the lava rim, so they could walk quite close to it. The

heat burned their faces, and the gas would have suffocated them, had they not covered their mouths with their handkerchiefs. The guides who had come with them to the lake were not afraid. They dipped pieces of money in the hot lava. When it grew cool it hardened, and they sold it to travelers.

Mr. Earle picked up something that looked like a bundle of fine threads of glass, such as Alice had seen



Lava Overflow and Fall

at the glass blower's. The gray scum was very much like melted glass, and bits of it were caught up by the wind and blown away. As it was borne along it lengthened out into long threads or filaments. It was called "Pele's hair," and travelers were always glad to find it.

Mr. Earle told Alice that where it overflows the lake, the lava moves very slowly, and the outside crust soon grows cool. Under the surface the lava keeps hot,

sometimes for a whole year. The fire in the lake often goes out entirely. It is thought that the boiling lava then escapes through a crack or fissure in the bed of the lake, into channels or caverns far down under the ground. Nothing is left then, but a dark, deep hole. After a long time, sometimes weeks or months, smoke may rise from the empty bed. Then the fire appears, and the lava begins to boil up and up, until the lake is once more quite full to the top. It may burn for weeks and months, and then disappear. It has done this for many ages.

Once the red-hot lava made a passage for itself under the wall of the crater, and came to the surface of the ground outside. It then began to flow down the sloping land to the sea. It was like a great, red-hot river of melted iron, and by its light people could read a long distance away. As it flowed it burned everything in its path.

When evening came on, the guide said that they must return to the hut, for it was not safe to stay in the crater after nightfall.

As they rode back across the lava the fires were still seen flaming, and the smoke and steam were blown across their path. The stars were shining brightly in the heavens, and the new moon hung above the crater, making altogether a grand and impressive scene.



X. THE STORY OF KAPIOLANI

IN the morning, Alice and her mother sat on the veranda of the hotel, overlooking the crater. They could see the lava boiling over the rim of the lake where they had stood the day before.

Alice was looking thoughtfully at a piece of Pele's hair which she held in her hand, and that reminded her to ask her mother to tell her the story of Pele and Kapiolani. This is the story as Mrs. Earle told it :

Kapiolani, a Hawaiian chief, was a noble-hearted woman. Before the missionaries came from our country and from England to teach the people of Hawaii, the chiefs were often ignorant and cruel. They could put to death any one they chose, and they used their power most unmercifully, until the missionaries, for whom they had the greatest respect, taught them how wicked it was to treat their subjects with such cruelty.

Many of the Hawaiians had lost faith in their idols and their gods, the spirits supposed to live in the sea and earth and air, and, for a while, they had no religion. It was for this reason easy to persuade them to become Christians. But there were others who still feared the old gods, and were afraid of angering them. The gods they feared most were the shark god, and Pele, who, they thought, lived in the crater.

It was hard to convince them that there was no such spirit as Pele, for they thought if any one disobeyed her, she would strike him dead. The missionaries had tried in vain to show the Hawaiians that this idea was

false, but the people were still in deadly fear of this spirit.

At last the chief, Kapiolani, who had become a Christian, said that she would go to Kilauea and prove that the story was false. She lived a long distance from the volcano, but she got everything ready, bade her friends good-by, and set forth on the journey. The road was then but a narrow track through the tangled woods, over the rough lava.

It was a journey of more than one hundred and fifty miles, and Kapiolani and the people who accompanied her walked nearly all the way. There was no comfortable Halfway House where they could rest. They had to bring their food and beds with them, and they were many days on the way.

Kapiolani's companions were very sad. They knew that they could not persuade her to give up the visit to the crater, and they feared that they would never return to their homes. But Kapiolani herself was not in the least anxious. She laughed away the fears of her companions and cheered them as they approached the volcano.

The common people did not often go very close to Kilauea, but the priests and priestesses had their huts at the top of the cliff. They pretended to talk to Pele, and would tell the people what she said to them. In this way they made the foolish Hawaiians obey them and bring them presents of food and clothing.

One of these priests was a tall, fierce man who was much feared, and his sister who lived with him at the volcano was powerful and cruel. But they became

Christians and then departed from Kilauea to live peacefully among the missionaries.

The sun had gone down when Kapiolani reached the volcano, and she could see the red glow of the fire in the sky. A priestess came to meet her and told her to go back, but she would not listen. The priestess then told her that she and all the people with her would perish if she came any nearer. But even this did not frighten Kapiolani, and as she was a great chief, the priests could not forbid her to do as she pleased.

She gathered some of the ohelo berries from the ground, but, instead of following the custom of throwing a few into the crater and crying, "Pele, here are your ohelos, I offer you some, some I also eat," Kapiolani ate her berries at once, while the people watched her with awe and trembling. To their astonishment nothing happened. Kapiolani neither vanished from their sight, nor was she stricken to the ground by the angry spirit, as they fully expected. There she stood smiling, safe and sound.

Then, with eighty of her companions, she walked down the steep path into the crater. When she reached the edge of the fiery lake she cried out in a loud voice: "The God who has made Kilauea is my God, and He alone has kindled the fires of the volcano. I do not fear Pele. If I perish through her anger, then continue to stand in awe of her; but if I come away unharmed, I hope you will believe in the true God." They waited, hardly daring to breathe, but still nothing happened. The fires burned just as they had burned before. The smoke rose to the sky, and blew away.

There was no sound save that of Kapiolani's voice, and of the waves of fire rising and falling. When they saw that they were quite safe, they sang a hymn, and then went up out of the crater. It must have been a solemn sight to see the people waiting by the lake of fire to learn the lesson Kapiolani wished to teach — that their thoughts about Pele were but illusions. Thenceforth the priests received no more presents, and no more offerings were made to the spirit, and to-day nobody is afraid of Pele.



XI. THE FEAST

THE Hawaiians of old were generally people of cleanly habits. They often bathed in the surf, and their tapa mantles were not easily soiled. They were also much more careful about their food than the people of Africa, or some of the tribes of Indians, who will eat almost anything.

They had a peculiar way of cooking, which is not common now, except among those who live far away from the villages and plantations, on the less thickly settled islands. When the white people wish to entertain their friends in the pleasantest way they can think of, they employ a Hawaiian to prepare a native feast, or *lu-au*, at which the food is cooked in the native manner. Invitations to such a feast are eagerly accepted.

While they were in Hilo, Mr. and Mrs. Earle and Alice were invited to one of these feasts, given in their

honor. The house to which they were invited was a bungalow, like Mr. Danvers's house, with wide, shady verandas. The feast was to be held in a mango grove behind the house. The night before, the Hawaiian who was to do the cooking got his supplies together, and made all his preparations. A deep hole was dug in the



A Native Feast

ground. This was lined with stones, upon which a fire was built, and the stones were heated red-hot. They were then allowed to cool a little, after which they were covered with a thick layer of taro leaves.

The food to be cooked was fish, fowl, pork, and sweet potatoes. The fish, fowl, and pork were cut into pieces, and each piece was carefully wrapped by itself in a *ti* leaf. This is the broad, tough leaf of a tree that grows

nearly everywhere in the fertile parts of the Islands. It has a long stem. It is used instead of paper for wrapping up meat and other things bought in the market. The edges of the leaf are tightly twisted together, and the long stem forms a sort of handle, by which the parcel is carried, like a leaf basket.

When the leaves are wrapped around the fish and pork to be cooked, the stem is left as a handle. These little bundles are placed in the oven in layers, with a taro leaf between each layer, which gives the food a pleasant flavor. When the oven is partly full a little water is poured in, and then some earth, and the food is left to cook for many hours.

When in the old days a feast was given for the king or the queen, or for a chief, an arbor of bamboo was built, and this was covered with flowers and with the *ma-i'le*, a vine with very sweet-smelling leaves, and the feast was spread on the ground under the arbor.

There was no arbor for the feast to which Alice was invited. The food was spread on the grass under the algaroba trees. There was no linen tablecloth, but the ground was covered very thickly with large ferns, and at each place was a ti leaf, upon which the fingers could be wiped. Down the middle of the fern tablecloth were placed a number of large polished calabashes. These were filled with poi, and scattered among them were tender young onions, and water lemons which Alice at first thought were little gourds. There were also a great many flowers, without which no table in Hawaii is ever complete.

Before the feast was ready, the guests were given a

long garland of the sweet, dark green maile, which each one was expected to wear. There were no chairs at this Hawaiian feast, and all sat upon the ground, in picnic fashion. Then the hot food was brought in by the cook, who had taken great pains, and seemed very proud when his cooking was praised. A smoking morsel, done up in a ti leaf, was carried by the stem, and placed in front of each guest, who opened it and ate the meat with the fingers, in the real Hawaiian fashion. It seemed to Alice very untidy, and those who were used to knives and forks did not quite know how to do without them.

At each place there had been set a little dish filled with chopped cocoanut and sea water, and the fowl and pork were dipped into this as a relish, which was also a Hawaiian custom.

The poi, which was eaten with the fingers, was hard to manage, but the Hawaiian guests ate it without any trouble, dipping it out of the calabash, rolling it into a ball on the tip of the finger, and tossing it into the mouth, without spilling a drop. Alice was afraid to try it, when she saw that even her mother spilled it, and she asked for a spoon, which was against the rules at a luau.

They were all very hungry, and Alice thought that no fish or chicken she had ever eaten had tasted so good as this cooked in a little Hawaiian oven in the ground. The onions, sweet potatoes, and salted shrimps were eaten with the pork and fish. The Hawaiians of old never cooked shrimps; they brought them to the table, where they crawled about and were eaten alive. Alice

was glad that this unpleasant way of eating shrimps had gone out of fashion.

For dessert they had melons and mangoes, and the juicy water lemons; and they drank cocoanut milk. Alice did not think the mangoes were half so good as ripe peaches or apples. The thick, coarse rind, which



A Band of Singers

had a taste like turpentine, spoiled the fruit if it touched the pulp, and the stone was very large and hard.

When the feast was nearly over, a band of singers came with their little mandolins, and they sang and played for the guests. When they had finished, it was time to start back to the hotel.



XII. A SUGAR PLANTATION

BEFORE they returned to Honolulu, Alice went with her father to see one of the large sugar plantations near Hilo. No wheat, or corn, except the

little that is raised in the Chinese gardens, grows in the Hawaiian Islands, and but very few potatoes are raised there. Those that are sold in the market are sent to the Islands either from our country or from New Zealand.

A great part of the fertile land is planted with sugar



Eating Sugar Cane

cane, which has always grown in the Islands, but has been much improved by cultivation.

The cane grows very tall and is a bright yellow-green, with blossoms like the sorghum. The stalk is filled with pith like the cornstalk, but more juicy. From this sweet juice the sugar is extracted.

The cane does not grow from seed, but from cuttings planted in furrows. The sugar cane in the Hawaiian Islands yields more sugar than that grown in our South-

ern states, where often the cold weather comes before the cane is fully ripe.

The cane is cut by Japanese laborers. Alice had seen them at work in the fields the day she went to the volcano. They had short, sharp knives, with which they cut down the long stalks. The cane must be sent to the mills as soon as it is cut. Otherwise it ferments, in which case it is fit for nothing but fuel.

Some of the fields are crossed by little railway lines that can be moved from place to place. The cane is loaded on to small cars and taken in this way to the mill. Alice took a ride on one of these trains of cars before the cane was cut. It was very pleasant to go flying through the fields, with the tall cane growing higher than a man's head, in every direction.

In fields where there is no railway, there are wooden troughs on high trestles. These are filled with water, and a slight incline toward the mill makes a strong current. The cane is carried from the fields to this flume, or trough, and is floated quickly down to the mill. When the supply of cane runs low the engineer whistles for more. When the grinding begins the mills run day and night.

There is no special season for planting cane in the Hawaiian Islands, as in a country where the cane must be cut before the cold weather comes. Sometimes the planting, cutting, and grinding all go on at the same time. The mill is a very busy place, lit up at night by electric light.

When the cane reaches the mill it is cut into pieces. This work is often done by Japanese women. The cane

is then torn into shreds by a machine called a shredder. The mass of shredded cane is passed under heavy rollers until it is squeezed dry. The juice is a pale green. This is boiled until a thick, gray scum rises to the top, a little lime being put into the juice to destroy the acid, which would prevent the sugar from forming. The



Loading Cane on the Cars

juice is allowed to cool, and the scum is taken off until the juice is quite clear. It is, however, purified still more by being strained through bags, and then the pure juice is placed in open pans so that the watery part may evaporate, that is, pass off into the air. That which remains is the molasses. It is boiled again, in a large vessel called a vacuum pan. Now it begins to turn into sugar. It is very important that it should not

boil too long in the vacuum pan, as this wastes the sugar. Last of all it is placed in large vessels which whirl rapidly round and round. The sugar separates from the molasses and settles in a thick coating around the sides of the vessel. The molasses still left runs out through



Quarters on a Sugar Plantation

a strainer of wire gauze and is collected in a large vat down under the mill. Sometimes this molasses is boiled over, and more sugar is obtained from it, but not of so good a quality as that made first. All this is done very quickly, and a few hours from the time the cane is put into the shredder, the pale yellow sugar is dry and ready to be put into bags to be shipped to the United States.

There, by a long and tedious process called refining, the pure white sugar is made.

The little houses of the Japanese laborers who work in the cornfields were interesting to see. They were clustered together in a deep gorge near a stream. The steep roofs were made of overlapping palm leaves.



Japanese House

Every cottage had a pretty garden of flowers and vegetables, for the Japanese, like the Hawaiians, are great lovers of flowers.

These laborers come from Japan to work on the sugar plantations, agreeing to stay three years, after which they are free to return to Japan. This they are not always ready to do, for they can earn much more

money in the Hawaiian Islands, and live with greater comfort there than in their own country. The planter not only pays them wages, but provides them with houses, with fuel for their fires, and with a doctor when they are ill. Sunday is a day of rest on the plantations, a holiday which the Japanese do not have in Japan.

The mills furnish work for the women, also, if they desire it. As the Japanese are very frugal, and do not waste their wages, when they go back to Japan with the money they have earned and saved in Hawaii, they are considered rich.

Alice was much interested in the pretty children playing about the doors, or following their mothers who were tying up the vines, or were busy among the flowers. A lovely spot was that deep, shady ravine, with the clear stream running down to the sea, and Alice did not wonder that the Japanese are so happy and contented, and that many of them do not care to return to their own country. It is pleasant for them to live where they can always have work, where there is no winter, no frost or snow, and where the flowers bloom the whole year round.



XIII. MAUI

ALICE was sorry when the visit to Hilo came to an end. She had learned to love the pretty village with its gardens of roses and steep, shady streets.

They could not stay longer because they were to make a short visit to Mau'i before they returned to Honolulu, and they planned also to take a trip to Kau-ai', which is northwest of Oahu.

They sailed up the eastern or windward side, which, unlike the leeward side, is rich with plantations, and dense growths of ferns and bananas. Through this tangle of plants and flowers, countless streams, clear as crystal, pour down into the sea. There are little sparkling rivulets, misty waterfalls, and rushing cascades.

In the afternoon the steamer anchored near a small Hawaiian village, and Alice went ashore with her father. The village was not clean, and the people sitting in their doorways looked idle and untidy.

Far up the mountain side could be seen tiny cottages like small white specks surrounded by gardens. Still farther off there were several fine houses in which the planters lived. Maui in the distance looked like a great rounded mountain.

They left the windward side of Hawaii and crossed the channel to the barren coast of Maui. There they took on board a number of pigs. These were driven down to the edge of the water, where they were caught by the leg and nose and thrown into a barge which lay close to the shore. The barge then went out to the

steamer, which lay in the roadstead (a calm place where ships can anchor), because there was no pier where it could land. The poor pigs seemed to know that they were being taken from their home, for they struggled and squealed most pitifully.



Dense Growths of Fern

Mr. Earle and Alice did not like to see the pigs put into the barge, so they went up on the mountain side for a walk. It was very steep and rough, with but few trees, and only a little coarse grass. Large blocks and fragments of lava were scattered about. They could see the houses far below them, and the steamer, with

the people walking about the deck. When the whistle blew they were rowed back to the steamer, which then went on its way.

Late in the evening they reached La-hai'na, where they were to stay for a few days.

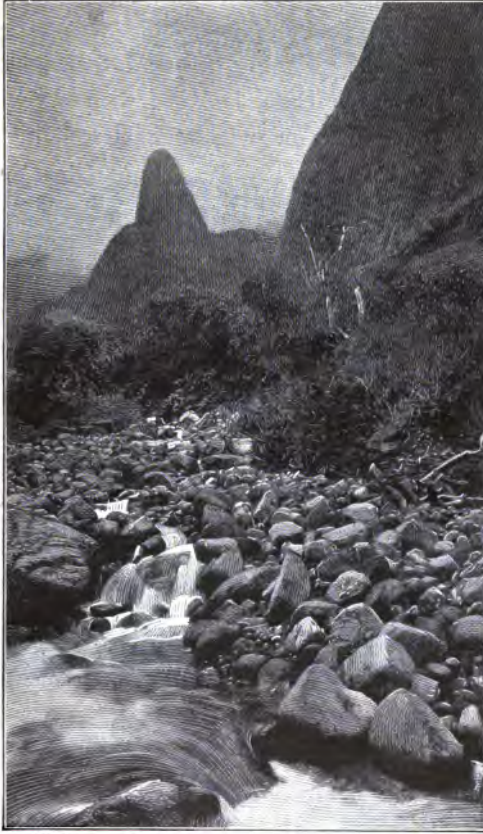
As the sun set they saw a large whale, not very far away, and Mr. Earle told Alice that there were always a great many whales in that channel.

At Lahaina there were carriages waiting to meet the passengers who went ashore. In one of these Mr. Earle and his party were driven to the house they were to visit.

Maui is almost like two islands, united by a narrow, sandy isthmus. Thistle and indigo are the only plants that thrive in this sandy isthmus. As the sea washes the shore to the north and south, the wind blows across the isthmus nearly all the time. The road is buried, and the air is filled with clouds of dust. It is sometimes very hard for travelers to keep in the path. The isthmus is about eight miles wide.

In the smaller part of Maui, which, like the village, is called Lahaina, there is a valley called I-a'o, which visitors to Maui always go to see. It is walled in by cliffs from three thousand to six thousand feet high. The trail, or road, runs through a deep gorge covered with forests. The walls of the cliffs, which inclose the valley on three sides, are covered with pale green candle nut trees, and with thousands of ferns. Streams and waterfalls flow down the cliffs in every direction. They empty into a very swift stream called Wai-lu'ku. Wailuku means "waters of destruction."

The stream received its name in memory of a great battle fought in the Iao valley, in which many men were killed.



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The Needles

White clouds float across the face of the cliff, and with these the whole valley is sometimes filled.

From the village of Wailuku there is a little railway leading to the large sugar plantations at Spreckelsville.

Mr. Earle's main purpose in Maui was to visit Hale-a-ka-la', the largest extinct volcano on the globe. The name means "the house of the sun." The great hollow crater is eighteen miles around, and when, ages ago, it was alive with flaming fire and boiling lava, the name was very appropriate.

There is no comfortable way of making the journey



Village of Wailuku

to the top of Haleakala, so, much to Alice's regret, she and her mother remained behind.

The party which Mr. Earle joined started in the afternoon from Ma-ka-wa'o, which is some distance up the mountain side. The road was rough, and it rained very hard. Late in the evening, when they were almost at the top, they halted and prepared to camp until daylight.

A fire was made, supper was cooked, and they lay down to sleep, rolled up in their blankets ; but they were kept awake by the bitter cold and the wind. The cold had grown more intense as they approached the top of the mountain, which was ten thousand feet high.

The lower slopes of the mountains were covered with forests, but higher up there were only tough shrubs,



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On Top of Haleakala

coarse grass and ferns, and scorix or ashes. At the very top there were more scorix but very few ferns.

When they reached the top they stood looking down into the hollow shell of Haleakala, shut in by walls eighteen miles around. The crater lay two thousand feet below. Beneath this bed were layers upon layers of lava, which had cooled and hardened, until they were like stone.

The floor of Haleakala is not level, or ridged, like

that of Kilauea, but jagged and broken ; and there are cones that are as high as very high hills. Along the north and east wall, inside the crater, are two great openings, Ko-o-lau' and Kau'po Gaps. At some time, long ago, when the fires were burning in Haleakala, the lava forced its way through these gaps, down the mountain side into the sea. Such a stream of red-hot lava poured out of Kilauea about fifty years ago, and heated the water so that thousands of fish were killed. How it must have hissed and steamed, and what a terrifying sight it must have been !

The rocks and lava in the crater of Haleakala are colored by the fierce heat, as though they had just been cooled. At times clouds moved across the crater, hiding it altogether from view ; then they broke away and the sun shone brightly ; and at one time they settled down within the crater, giving it the appearance of a sea of milk-white foam, rising and falling and gliding away.

Mr. Earle brought Alice some silver swords, strange plants that grow thickly on the top of the mountain near the crater. They are a shimmering white, and the long slender leaves look as if they were cut out of strips of frosted silver.



XIV. THE STORY OF CAPTAIN COOK

A LICE had been wondering for some time why she saw so few animals in the Islands, and she was all the more surprised to learn that before the coming of

the white man there had been fewer still. Pigs, dogs, and mice were the only animals to be found there before the visit of the famous Captain Cook, who brought with him three goats, a boar, and a pig of English breed. Alice had never heard of Captain Cook, and in answer to her many questions, her father told her the following story :

Captain Cook was a fearless English sailor, who, on his third voyage of discovery round the globe, landed, in 1778, with his two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, on the island of Kauai.

He was not the first white man to visit Hawaii, but the few Spaniards who had stopped there, more than two hundred years before him, had long since been forgotten.

Now it so happened that the Hawaiians believed in a god, Lo'no, who, they thought, had left their Islands to visit another country, but would some day return ; so when they saw this odd-looking man come sailing toward them in his strange ship, at once they thought it must be Lono. Soon the people gathered in crowds on the shore, and some of them, though they feared to go on board, rowed out near the vessel.

When Captain Cook went ashore, the people were so frightened that they fell flat on their faces. But he made them understand that he would not hurt them, and then they were more certain than ever that he was a god. A priest recited a long prayer, after which the people brought offerings of vegetables, pigs, and fruit. Captain Cook, in return, gave them nails and scraps of iron, which they valued as a precious metal, for iron was

nowhere found on the Islands, and they used it for bracelets and other ornaments, and for weapons.

Captain Cook visited the island of Ni-i-hau', and he left there seeds of melons, pumpkins, and onions. The chiefs had been prepared by their neighbors for



An Offering to Captain Cook

something strange, but none the less they were startled by the sight of the foreigners. One of the Hawaiians thus described the Englishmen :

“The men are white ; their skin is loose and folding ; their heads are angular ; fire and smoke issue from their mouths ; they have openings in the sides of their bodies,

into which they thrust their hands, and draw forth iron, beads, nails, and other treasures; their language cannot be understood. This is the way they speak: 'a hi-ka' pa-la'le, hi-ka'pa-la'le, hi-o-lu-ai', o'a-la'ki, wa-la' wa-la'ki, po'ha.'"

The smoke and fire came from pipes, which had never before been seen by the natives, and the holes in their bodies were the pockets in their trousers.

Before Captain Cook left, he named the country Sandwich Islands, after an English nobleman, Lord Sandwich; but the natives have always preferred the old name "Hawaii," and by that name they still call their country.

About a year later, Captain Cook again visited Hawaii and, for a time, was regarded with even greater awe than before. At one place the beautiful feather mantle of the king was thrown over his shoulders, which was the greatest compliment that could be paid him. The mantle was made of tiny yellow feathers, fastened to a sort of net made of hemp, and the surface was as smooth as the breast of a bird. It took thousands of feathers to make a single cloak, and these cloaks were so costly that none but the kings could afford to wear them.

The birds from which the yellow feathers were obtained were not easy to catch. They lived on honey, and had long, curved bills. They had only two or three yellow feathers under each wing. The rest of the plumage was black, changing to greenish gold, like the feathers of the blackbird. The birds were not killed, but were caught by smearing the boughs of the

trees on which they alighted with a sticky gum, which held them fast.

Then the yellow feathers were pulled out and the birds were set free, that the feathers might grow again. The people were required to bring the king one or more



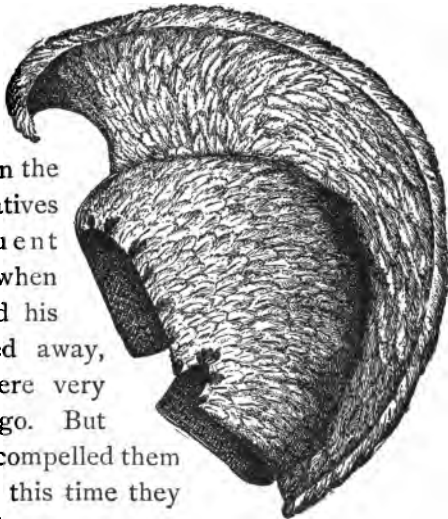
Feather Mantle

of the yellow feathers each year, and it was from these that the splendid mantles were made. They were also used for helmets, for short capes, and for necklaces; but none of these were so beautiful or so costly as the mantles. Only men of the highest rank could wear the helmets and capes.

Although the English sailors shared with Captain

Cook the hospitality of the natives, they were very ungrateful. They broke the laws, and laughed at the most sacred customs of the Hawaiians, and soon the natives began to tire of their guests. Just then one of the English seamen died and was buried, and this proved that the Englishmen were not gods after all, for the gods could not die.

Quarrels between the English and the natives grew more frequent every day, and when Captain Cook and his party finally sailed away, the Hawaiians were very glad to see them go. But an accident at sea compelled them to come back, and this time they received a cold welcome.



Feather Helmet

When they landed, the people ran away and hid, and they removed their boats to places safe from the English.

Quarrels now grew worse and worse. The natives were accused by the sailors of stealing, and in a scuffle one of their chiefs was thrown to the ground. In revenge, his friends, the following night, stole one of the boats belonging to the *Discovery* and broke it to pieces in order to secure the iron nails. When the captain heard of this theft, he determined to get the king on

board and keep him there a prisoner until the Hawaiians should restore the boat, for he did not know that it had been destroyed. While Captain Cook went ashore to invite the king to come on board, three boats, filled with armed men, waited in the bay, to keep away all ships from the other islands. The sailors were told that no Hawaiian boats must be allowed to pass to reach the king.

Two chiefs, who did not know of this order, were rowing toward the shore when the English sailors fired on them, and one of them was killed. The other hastened to the shore and told the king what had happened. A great crowd at once gathered around the king to protect him with their spears and knives from Captain Cook and his companions. In the fight which followed, the sailors in the boats fired upon the Hawaiians. This made the natives so angry that one of them stabbed Captain Cook in the back, and he fell down dead. Several of the men who had gone ashore with him were also killed. The others were saved only by swimming to their boats.

An officer on the *Resolution* saw through his glass the danger of the Englishmen, and fired with his cannon upon the natives, who were so frightened by the flash of light and the loud noise like thunder, that they ran away and hid themselves in the mountains. By that time seventeen Hawaiians had been killed, five of them being chiefs of the highest rank.

Captain Cook's body was carried by priests into one of the sacred houses, high up on a steep cliff. The bones were carefully scraped of the flesh, tied up with

red feathers, as in the case of kings and chiefs, and then secretly buried. Many bundles of bones prepared in this way have been found in caves in different parts of the Islands.

After Captain Cook was killed, the English set fire to one of the villages, and burned up the sacred houses.



Captain Cook's Monument

A part of Captain Cook's bones were given up to the English officers who commanded the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, and they were buried at sea.

It was many years after Captain Cook's death before any other English ship visited the Hawaiian Islands.



XV. KAUAI AND THE KOULA FALLS

WHEN Alice returned to Honolulu she rested there a few days and was then ready to start on the trip to Kauai which is called "The Garden Island." Kauai, the most northern of the Hawaiian

Islands, is almost circular in shape. It has but one high mountain, Wai-a-le-a'le. A great part of the island is covered with swamps and with rich fields of sugar cane.

The trees found in greatest abundance are the *o-hi'a*, the kou, the koa, and the ugly screw palm — a tree that seems to stand upon its uncovered roots, which grow from the trunk, several feet in length and bury themselves in the earth. The gray-green leaves are slender, and the edges are toothed like the edge of a saw.

The mountains of Kauai, while they are not so high as those of Maui and Hawaii, have been forced up in the same way, and there are great numbers of empty craters. Between the mountains are deep, fertile valleys. There are no large towns on Kauai; only small villages, in which there are no hotels.

The Hawaiians on Kauai were among the last to become civilized. They did not like to wear clothing, such as white men wear; and they preferred their own religion, and their own doctors, or sorcerers.

Kauai is famous for its horses which were introduced from America, and most of the natives are fearless riders. One feat of which they are very proud is, while riding at a gallop, to lean down to pick up a small coin from the ground.

As the island of Kauai is somewhat out of the way, it is not often visited by travelers. The volcano of Kilauea, and the level tropical forests attract them to the island of Hawaii; and the great crater of Haleakala draws them to Maui. But in Kauai there is not much of interest,

Before the steamship line was opened the journey was made in sailing vessels. It can now be made in less than twenty-four hours from Honolulu, but formerly it took ten days, or longer. This was because the wind blew the ships away from, instead of toward, Kauai.

The trade winds were not blowing when the Earles first arrived in Honolulu, and they had only the ordinary breezes and the hot south winds, which the natives call the Kona winds.

While they were in Kauai, the latter part of March, the trades began to blow. They began very suddenly with a rushing, roaring sound, bending and twisting the palms, and rustling the leaves of the mango and umbrella trees. Clouds of dust filled the air along the traveled roads, and there was no lull, day or night, for nearly a week.

Every one who could do so stayed indoors ; for it was hard even to walk in such a gale. The wind was not cold, but fresh and invigorating, for it had blown over long stretches of cool ocean. When it became calmer, it was as if there had been a great storm, although very little rain had fallen. All the dead boughs had been torn from the trees, and the dead leaves and grass had been blown away. It is in this way that the trees are stripped of their dead leaves.

It was while they were in Kauai that Alice first saw the Hawaiians making *a'wa*. This is a drink of which they are fond, but which is very harmful to them. It is made from the root of the awa, a plant found in the forest. The root is thoroughly chewed by two or three

people with strong teeth. Then it is put into a calabash, water is poured over it, and it is mixed and kneaded like dough. After this more water is added, and it is again mixed and strained. Before it is ready for use it looks like frothy soapsuds. It has a soothing effect, making those who drink it fall into a deep sleep and dream pleasant dreams; but it causes feebleness and disease.

Formerly only chiefs and priests were allowed to drink awa. It has a burning, biting taste, somewhat like horse-radish. When a man once begins to drink awa or *ka'va* as it is also called, it is very hard for him to give up the habit. After a time the eyes of an awa drinker are sure to grow very red, and the skin becomes thick and scaly.

There were goats and deer in the forests, and on the mountain slopes of Kauai. Like the horses, they had been brought to Kauai by white men, and as they were seldom hunted and killed, they had multiplied very quickly.

While they were in Kauai Alice visited the beautiful Falls of the Han-a-pe'pe, which is the largest river in that island. It is a very rough ride, and Mr. Earle at first thought that Alice ought not to attempt it; but she begged so hard, that he decided to let her go. She had become a very expert rider by this time, for in Hawaii every one rides on horseback. People make nearly all their long journeys in this way, where they cannot go in boats, for there are very few roads except the narrow paths, called trails. The horses are sure-footed and pick their way along very carefully among the rocks.

The children at the house where Mr. and Mrs. Earle were staying could catch and saddle the horses as easily and quickly as could the men, although they were no older than Alice. Alice learned the art from them, and was very proud of her skill.

The ride to the falls tested her courage, for they often had to ford the rapid river, and the noise of the water



Valley of Hanapepe River

made her dizzy. Still, she held firmly to her saddle, and went bravely on.

Much of the time they rode through the soft grass, without a trail to guide them. The forests through which they passed were full of beautiful song birds.

The Hanapepe River, at the place where they first forded it, flows between two walls two thousand feet high and almost perpendicular.

The Ko-u'la Falls are at the head of a gorge that widens

into a valley, through which the river makes its way to the sea. Cold streams, clear as crystal, trickle and leap down the cañon walls, which are covered with ferns, mosses, and other plants that love the cool, damp shade. The gorge is four miles long, and the river drops in a broad, silvery sheet over a ledge more than three hundred feet high.



Koula Falls

The water comes down from its great height with a deafening roar, filling the gorge with spray, like fine rain. The sun shines into the gorge only at noon, when it is overhead; at all other times it is in deep shadow. All about it, the rocky ledges are thickly overgrown with the ohia, the candle nut, the banana, and the Eugenia, which has vivid scarlet blossoms.

The ride had been long and rough, and they were all glad to rest and admire the beauty of the rushing water

and the tangled greenery that clothed the rocks which hemmed it in.

After luncheon they set out to retrace the difficult path by which they had come. It was nearly dark when they reached their friend's house, for the twilight in the Hawaiian Islands is very short, and the night comes quickly when the sun has set. Alice was stiff and tired when her father lifted her off her horse, but she knew that a night's rest would refresh her, and felt that the beauties of the falls had more than repaid her for a little weariness.



XVI. AN INTERESTING SCOTCH FAMILY

AT Kauai Alice met a number of Scotch people, who, as she soon discovered, all belonged to the same family, and they had an interesting story to tell. A Scotchman and his wife, — Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair — with their children and grandchildren, had come from Scotland to settle in New Zealand. Soon after their arrival Mr. Sinclair had been drowned, and after that his wife, becoming dissatisfied with New Zealand, decided to look elsewhere for a home. So she fitted up her ship with every possible convenience, and prepared to sail about until she should find a home large enough for herself and her growing family.

At last they landed at Hawaii, and the king, seeing at once that it would be an advantage to have such

excellent people to settle among his subjects, offered them the whole of the island of Niihau for a very small sum of money. Mrs. Sinclair accepted the offer and at once began to settle down in her new home. Before long their house was built, and the sheep and cattle which they had brought with them from New Zealand were peacefully grazing in the pastures.

After a while Mrs. Sinclair decided to move to Kauai, leaving her son and his wife to take care of the flocks and herds on Niihau. At Kauai a new house was built on a flat mountain top, where it was cool and pleasant. The house was very large, with verandas all around it. Roses and passion flowers climbed to the roof. The broad lawns were planted with palms and orange trees, and many beautiful flowering shrubs.

Here the mother and the children lived happily and peacefully together. The daughters taught the young Hawaiian girls how to cook and sew and keep house. They also taught them to read and write, which most of them learned very quickly. There were often as many as ten of these young Hawaiian girls living with the family at one time. They were clothed and fed and taught without charge, by their kind Scotch friends; but many of them insisted on paying for their favors by working one day in the month for their teachers.

While the sisters were busy in the house, the brothers were at work in the fields. They raised crops of various kinds, and cattle, sheep, and horses. They were good friends to the Hawaiians, who loved and respected them.

They were happy among themselves, and though they

III

lived so far away from other white people they were never dull or lonely. Whenever ships went back to Scotland and the United States, they sent for books and magazines and newspapers, so that they always knew what was going on in the world.

Teachers came to live with the family, and taught them everything they wished to learn. They learned how to speak French and German, and they became good musicians. So, with their books, their music, and their work among the Hawaiians, their labors in the garden, and their exercise on horseback, time passed pleasantly, and they would not have changed their Hawaiian home for any other in the world.

Mrs. Sinclair once went back to visit her relatives in Scotland, but she was glad to return to Kauai. She said it made her sad to see so many people who had not enough to eat, and scarcely enough clothes to keep them warm. In Kauai there was enough, and more than enough, for all; and no one was ever hungry or knew what it was to suffer want. The good Scotch woman lived to be very old. She died and was buried on the land where she lived so long with her family; and her children and grandchildren are living there to this day.



XVII. THE MARKET

ONE of the most interesting places that Alice visited while she was in Honolulu was the fish market. On a Saturday afternoon, which was the best time

to go, she went with her father and mother, not only to see the strange things that were bought and sold, but also to watch the people. The market was their great place of meeting, and they gathered there from far and near.

Both men and women were dressed in their best clothes. The poorer men wore suits of white or blue cotton, with straw hats bound with wreaths of yellow flowers, and yellow garlands around their necks. The richer men were dressed in pure white duck, and, instead of flowers, their leis were of peacock feathers. These are very costly, and none but the well-to-do Hawaiians can afford to wear them. The women were in holokus of white, blue, pink, and green, and they, too, wore a great many leis.

Many of the people from the plantations had come to market on horseback. The horses were tied to racks near by. They were poor, half-starved creatures, for the Hawaiians are not very kind to animals, except to their pet dogs and pigs. They ride their horses at a gallop, no matter how lame and sick they may be, and they never curry or feed them well. If any one should tell them how cruel such treatment is, they would only laugh and say that it is silly to care so much about a horse, which does not cost much and could be easily replaced if it should die. The market house was a wooden building, rather gray and weather-beaten. It was open on every side, with only the roof as a shelter from the rain. There were tables piled with fish, seaweed, and a kind of fresh-water weed of which the Hawaiians eat a great deal. The weeds were rolled into balls.

Between the tables were narrow aisles, and these were crowded with people, bargaining and buying and selling, laughing and chattering.

Alice had never seen so great a crowd at a market; there were at least two thousand people moving about or stopping at the counters, whenever they caught sight of anything they especially wanted.

There are not many birds, except mynahs, doves, and



Honolulu Fish Market

sparrows, in the groves around Honolulu, and these are all of a very sober color; but the fish seem to make up in their brilliant hues what the birds lack. Some are of a very elegant form, and others are hideous and repulsive. Alice could scarcely bear to look at the ugly squid, which is not a fish, although it swims about in the water. The body is like a wrinkled seamy bag, with two dull eyes, and out of this bag extend long, writhing, twining arms that catch and hold whatever comes within

their reach. Some of the squids are several feet in length. As they lay upon the table in the market, the long arms or tentacles were twisted and knotted together in a tangled heap. The squid is of many bright colors, which deepen and fade and glow again while it is dying.

Mr. Earle told Alice that the Hawaiians thought the squid a great delicacy, and ate it raw with their poi.

One very large fish that Alice saw was of a pale rose color, and she could imagine how beautiful it must look, swimming among the coral, far down in the depths of the clear water. There was another of dark blue, with deep scarlet figures along its sides, like some sort of strange lettering, in which its name might have been written. Another, which her father told her was the sea cock, or *ki'hi-ki'hi* was striped with bands of brilliant yellow and black. Others were dotted and mottled, and were of pink, brown, green, and blue.

Beside the fish, there were limpets and oysters, which were found among the coral; sea urchins, covered with purple spines, and the *u'la*, a great lobster without claws.

In addition to the live fish in the market there were also baked and dried fish, which were sold tied up in ti leaves.

Alice saw many Hawaiians eating raw fish, which some of them prefer to cooked fish. In former days even the priests and kings ate raw fish, and a good many Hawaiians still follow this custom.

The market is not only a place where fish are bought and sold, but a place for the discussion of topics of gen-

eral interest. Speeches are frequently made by Hawaiian orators. Many of them speak with energy and feeling, and can persuade those who listen to them to do almost anything they advise. Sometimes the speeches are by ministers, for the Hawaiians are always ready to listen to a good sermon, although they do not always practice what they applaud and seem to approve.

At other times, the speeches are political, that is, about the government. The speeches are always in Hawaiian, and so when Alice and her father stopped a moment to listen, they could not understand what was said; but it amused them to watch the audience, who seemed to be very much pleased and excited. They clapped their hands and cried out in Hawaiian, to show that they agreed with what the speaker was saying.

It was altogether the strangest market place that Alice had ever seen, with the throngs of people coming and going, the piles of colored fish, the garlands of flowers, and in the midst of all the orator and his audience.



XVIII. SANDALWOOD

WHILE they were in Honolulu Mr. Earle told Alice a great many stories about the Hawaiians, and what had been done to make their country rich and prosperous. Among other things he told her of the time when sandalwood had been used for money.

Almost every country has its own kind of money. Among civilized people it consists of copper, nickel, silver, or gold coin, and of paper notes which stand for gold and silver, for which the paper can be exchanged at any time. This money, except that the coins are made of the same kind of metal, is not alike in any two countries. Even the paper notes in one country differ from those in another.

Uncivilized people use, instead of money, whatever articles they value most. The Indians in North America formerly used strings of shells, called wampum; and the people in Africa buy and sell with beads, wire, and colored cloth.

The Hawaiians in the old days traded with sandalwood—a very fragrant wood from a small tree which grew everywhere in the Islands.

Most of the sandalwood was taken to China and sold there to the Chinese, who carved and fashioned it into a great variety of beautiful things,—costly fans, boxes, cabinets, stools, and chairs.

But the English and American traders often did not deal fairly with the Hawaiians, and made them give too much sandalwood in exchange for their goods. They gave the Hawaiians only eight or ten dollars for one hundred and thirty-three pounds of sandalwood, which was sold in China for ten times as much.

In spite of the dishonesty of the white men, the Hawaiian kings and chiefs grew rich from the sale of sandalwood; for all the land and all that grew thereon belonged to them, and the Islands at one time were covered with sandalwood trees. In return for the

wood, the traders gave the chiefs all sorts of fine Chinese silks, guns, powder and shot, and even large boats and schooners, in which they could sail long distances from one island to another.

It took a great deal of sandalwood to carry on this trade, and now there are but few of these trees left in the Islands. Violent quarrels, in which men were wounded and killed, grew out of the trade, and many other evils were traced to it.

The Hawaiians who were sent to collect the wood were forced to leave their work, and the crops were neglected. There was no one to plant taro, or gather bananas, or catch fish, and food became so scarce that at length there came a famine, and a great many persons starved to death.

Kamehameha the Great was at this time king of the Hawaiian Islands, and he was greatly beloved. Before his time each island had its own chief, but he conquered them all, and ruled over the whole group from 1795 to 1819. The four Kamehamehas who ruled after him, from 1819 to 1872, had many noble qualities, but they were fond of ease and in-temperate.

When Kamehameha the Great saw his people starving because food was so scarce, he would not let the men collect any more of the wood, but sent them, as well as the soldiers, back to their homes to take care of their crops. To encourage them, he himself dug and planted taro in the fields, and for many years the piece of ground in which he worked was kept sacred, and it can still be pointed out.

XIX. INSECTS

ONE day Alice went with her mother and father to dine with some friends at Waikiki, and as she was leaving, her hostess handed her a small grass basket filled with salted almonds.

When she went to her room she set the basket on the window sill, behind the door, and did not think of it again for several days. When she went to get it the almonds seemed to be covered with a thick, brown, velvety cloth. She looked at it a little closer and saw that it was not cloth, but hundreds of ants. They had found the oily almonds and were having a feast. She had seen a good many ants running about, but she had never seen them collect in such great numbers.

Mr. Earle told her that the ants are a great pest, and that they sometimes undermine houses, and damage the shingles so that people are forced to use for their roofs slate or iron, into which the ants cannot bore. The ants in Hawaii are not as mischievous as the ants in Africa that march across the country in millions, eating everything in their way, and driving the people from their houses. They do not, like the ants in Australia and Africa, build great houses, shaped like sugar loaves; but they dig and burrow, destroying the roots of plants and trees.

While she was at Waikiki, Alice noticed a little heap of dust under the door leading into the drawing-room. It was dust that had been made by the carpenter bee, which bores into wood, ruining not only doors and windows, but chairs and tables, and all kinds

of furniture. It does not hurt the outside, but it burrows into the wood, where it cannot be seen, and hollows it out until it is little more than a thin shell.

Fortunately, the carpenter bee does not often come into the house. It has not always lived in the Hawaiian Islands, but, like many other insects, has been brought there from abroad. It looks very much like the bumble-bee, except that it is a dark steel-blue, almost black; and it darts about very quickly. It does not often sting, but causes a great deal of damage. It was brought to the Islands, first, in lumber that had been sent in ships from Oregon for building houses.

At another time Alice saw running across the floor in her bedroom a hairy spider, with spreading legs that were fully three inches long. It crept into a hole and hid; but she would not have killed it, even if it had not run away, for she knew that it was perfectly harmless. It was far more frightened at the sight of her, than she was by it.

There were centipedes also, — long, ugly creatures, with a great many short legs, though not so many as a hundred, as the name suggests.

The scorpion is another ugly creature. The sting is in the end of the tail. People are not often stung by scorpions, and the few who are stung usually recover. Stories to the contrary are not true.

There were mosquitoes by the thousands. They came in great clouds on warm, still evenings, and they stung Alice's hands and face until they were covered with little scarlet spots. The people who live in Honolulu become used to them, and are not much annoyed by them.

All the beds are hung with long curtains of net, without which no one could sleep. The first mosquito was brought to Hawaii in the water casks of an English ship, the *Wellington*, that had sailed to the Hawaiian Islands from Mexico. Mosquitoes cannot fly in a strong wind, and are not so troublesome when the trade winds are blowing, nor are they so active in the high lands, where it is cooler. There are not so many at Hilo as at Honolulu, where they are attracted by the wet rice fields and the Chinese gardens with their canals, in which the eggs of the mosquitoes are hatched.

The people in Honolulu use Persian insect powder, which numbs the mosquitoes. They fall to the ground, and are then swept up and destroyed. When the people sit upon their verandas they switch the mosquitoes with a queer little switch made of long strands of horsehair, with a short handle of bone. These switches are brought from China, where they are used for the same purpose.

Birds of several kinds and frogs have been brought to Hawaii, in the hope that they might prey upon the mosquitoes.

One of the missionaries described the night when the mosquitoes first appeared in Honolulu. They came in great clouds. The Hawaiians did not know what they were, and were very much troubled by their sharp stings. No one could sleep. Half the night the missionary sat up fanning his wife and children so that they could rest, and they then fanned him and drove away the insects while he slept until morning. They did this until they were able to send to China for nets,

At one time, all the roses in Honolulu were eaten up by a tiny black beetle, so small that it could hardly be seen. It came in plants that had been brought from Japan. It ate not only the flowers but the leaves also, and it killed the bushes. No roses could be raised, and the people were told that if the beetle was not destroyed, it would eat other plants and shrubs when the



Rice Fields

rose bushes were gone. It could not be caught, because it came out only at night when it was dark, and hid in the ground during the day. Every precaution was taken to keep the pest from spreading, no plants from Oahu being received on the other islands. At last means were found for killing the little beetle, so that now people again have roses blooming in their gardens.

After the trouble with the rose beetle strict laws were passed forbidding any one to bring plants ashore until

they had been kept in a safe place for a time long enough to make certain that they contained no insects dangerous as a pest.



XX. CAPTAIN VANCOUVER

IN the year 1792, thirteen years after Captain Cook had visited the Islands, another Englishman, Captain George Vancouver, arrived with two ships, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*.

He was a good man, and seeing that firearms caused disorder among the Hawaiians, he refused to sell them. Instead, he gave them many different kinds of trees, plants, and vines, and the seeds of foreign vegetables.

Vancouver left for California, but returned in 1793 with a present of cattle for Kamehameha I., whom he then met for the first time.

The king went to visit the ship in great state, wearing his feather mantle and helmet, and accompanied by a fleet of eleven canoes. With him were his wife and his favorite adviser John Young.

John Young was an American sailor who had come to the Islands three years before. His captain had treated the natives with great cruelty, and in revenge all the sailors found on shore were massacred, except John Young and Isaac Davis, who were detained as prisoners, until the American vessel left.

They were then kindly treated and raised to the rank of chiefs, but were forbidden to leave the Islands. After a while they became so attached to the country that they

did not wish to leave, and they lived in the Islands for the rest of their lives.

They proved themselves worthy of the king's kindness, gave him good advice, and taught the Hawaiians many useful arts.

John Young spoke to Captain Vancouver and told the king what he said in reply, and soon they were all on good terms. The king gave Vancouver many valuable presents. Among them were four helmets of costly yellow feathers; ninety of the fattest and largest swine that could be found, and great quantities of bananas and mangoes and other fruit. In return Vancouver gave the king five cows and three sheep—all the animals he had left.

Vancouver and Kamehameha became great friends. The king very soon found that Vancouver did not want to cheat him, or take the country from him, and he entertained him in every way to please and amuse him. He had a sham battle between the best of his warriors, and he made them show the Englishman how far they were able to throw their spears and the stones from their slings.

Vancouver in return showed the king over his ship, and, in the evening, he gave a grand display of fireworks. This was a fine sight, and the king was delighted with it.

Vancouver made three visits, and each time brought with him sheep, goats, and cattle, as presents to the king. The last time he came his seamen helped Kamehameha build the first ship he had ever owned. Before this, the king went from island to island in a canoe.

It was finer and larger than the ordinary canoes, but still it was not so good as the new ship, of which Kamehameha was very proud, and which he named the *Britannia*, in honor of Great Britain, the country from which Captain Vancouver had come.

It was Vancouver who first spoke to Kamehameha about God, and he also told him that the tabus were foolish and cruel, and that the priests taught falsehoods which did the Hawaiians a great deal of harm. Kamehameha knew that Vancouver was a good, wise man, and all this made a deep impression upon him.

Vancouver told Kamehameha that when he went back to his own country he would ask the English king to send some one to the Hawaiian Islands to teach the Christian religion. Mr. Ellis was the man chosen for this work, but by the time he arrived King Kamehameha I. was dead.



XXI. THE FIRST MISSIONARIES

WHILE Alice was in Honolulu she heard much about the missionaries. Nearly all the schools have been founded by them, and they have done much to improve the laws of the country.

The first missionaries were from New England, and this is how it came about:

At a very early date ships from New England visited the Hawaiian Islands. Their crews traded with the natives, giving them furniture, guns, and clothing, in exchange for sandalwood. Later they came into the

harbor at Honolulu only to get water and fresh supplies of food. Then they went on their voyage to the colder regions to fish for whales.

The Hawaiians from the first were eager to embark on such voyages, and they proved themselves good sailors, although the change from their warm climate to that of the cold regions they visited was very great. It was in this way that the New England people first learned about the Hawaiians.

Nearly a century ago, several young Hawaiians were taken to the United States, and among them a youth named O-bo-o-ki'ah. He was very clever, and those who met him became interested in him, and begged him to stay in the United States to obtain an education and then to return to the Islands to teach the Hawaiians. Obookiah and four of his friends remained. They attended a school in Cornwall, Connecticut, and learned very rapidly. Obookiah himself, however, never returned to his home. He died before he had finished his studies.

In the year before Obookiah died, a number of Americans sailed for the Hawaiian Islands in a ship called the *Thaddeus*. There were two clergymen with their wives, five teachers, and three of the Hawaiians, who had been at school with Obookiah. Their names were Ka-nu'i, Ho'pu, and Ho-no-li'i. It was necessary for them to accompany the Americans, who could not speak or understand the language of the Hawaiians.

It was in the year 1819 that these men—the first missionaries—sailed from Boston to Hawaii. We can realize how long ago this was when we remember that

at that time there were hardly any people living in the great Western states. Chicago was but a cluster of log houses. There were no railways, no telegraph or telephone. People traveled in stagecoaches, or on horseback, and where there are now towns and cities, the Indians hunted and made their camps. It was many years before people went to California, across the plains, to hunt for gold.

There were no steamships then, and men crossed the ocean in sailing vessels. In those days it took many months to make the voyage to Hawaii. The vessel had to sail down the eastern coast of our own country and South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and across the Pacific.

It would have taken a great while, even if the ship had gone straight on her course, but this rarely happened. Sometimes the wind was in the wrong direction, and blew the ship out of her course; sometimes it died entirely away, and then the ship stood perfectly still — becalmed. At such a time it was apt to be very hot, and there was no shelter anywhere except in the shadow of the sails. Often there were terrible storms — especially near the Straits of Magellan.

The ships were crowded and uncomfortable; and the passengers often had to cook their own food. This made the voyage very hard for the wives of the missionaries.

The *Thaddeus* did not sail to Honolulu, which was then only a village of grass huts, but first touched at Ko-ha'la, a district in the northwestern part of the island of Hawaii. One of the officers went ashore and came

back with the news that the great Kamehameha was dead, and that his son had been made king. The tabus had been broken, and the people, having given up their idols and burned the temples, were without a religion. There was peace everywhere.

The people in New England from time to time received news of the Hawaiian Islands from the returning sailors, but the party on the *Thaddeus* now learned for



Sailing toward Hawaii

the first time of the death of Kamehameha, and of the burning of the temples and idols. The last fact was good news for the missionaries, for it was sure to make much easier the work which they hoped to do. They now set sail for Kai-lu'a, a village in Hawaii, where the new king lived.

When they reached Kailua two of the missionaries, Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, went on shore, with Hopu as a guide. The king, Kamehameha II., received them kindly, when they told him that they had come to

teach the people a new religion, and that they hoped he would let them live in the Islands. He did not answer them at once, but took time to think the matter over. He accepted an invitation to go on board the *Thaddeus* to dine with them and their wives. One of the chiefs was dressed in European clothes which he



Mr. Bingham

had obtained from one of the sailors, but the king wore a long mantle of green silk, a necklace of beads, and a wreath of yellow feathers on his head.

When the king came on board the *Thaddeus* he brought his family with him. This he would not have done if he had not

been favorably impressed by the missionaries and felt sure that they intended no harm.

He waited a week before giving his answer, and during that time he consulted with John Young. Mr. Young told him the missionaries had come only to do good, so the king told them they might live in the Islands for one year. Four of them, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and Mr. and Mrs. Holman, were to stay at Kailua, and the rest were to go to Honolulu. They

were given a small grass hut to live in, and the king treated them very kindly.



XXII. MORE ABOUT THE MISSIONARIES

THE missionaries who went to Honolulu did not fare so well as those who staid at Kailua with the king. The king's real name was Li-ho-li'ho, but he was called Kamehameha II. He succeeded the great Kamehameha, but only reigned five years. Both he and his wife, Emma, died of measles while on a visit to England. The bodies of the king and queen were brought back from England in splendid coffins covered with crimson velvet, and a great funeral was held, which lasted for several weeks.



Kamehameha II.

The governor of Oahu at that time was a chief named Boki, of whom we shall learn more in another story, and neither he nor his wife Liliha wished to befriend the Americans. They did not wish to change their way of living, and would have liked to send the missionaries away, but did not dare to do so against the

king's command. So they made them as uncomfortable as they could, and were as rude as they dared to be, thinking that this would induce the missionaries to leave.

Honolulu was not then as it is now. In place of the beautiful gardens and parks now found there, and the trees and plants which have been brought from nearly all the warm countries in the world, there were only a few cocoanut trees, and the kou and the koa and the kukui in the cooler lands on the mountain slopes. Around Honolulu there were dry, bare plains, where the dust rose in clouds, for the trade winds blew then, just as they do now.

Boki and Liliha allowed Mr. Bingham, the missionary who had come to Honolulu, to build his grass hut on one of these dusty plains, where there was neither water nor wood for several miles beyond. Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Whitney went to Kauai, where they had been invited by the king.

In the fall, Kamehameha II. left Kailua and came to Honolulu with his family and court, and with Mr. and Mrs. Thurston.

Although the Hawaiians had given up their idols, and very few of them were as much afraid of their priests as they had been, the missionaries did not find it easy to teach them, for people cannot give up at once the belief taught them by their fathers. They cannot help being a little afraid of the things that they have been taught to fear as harmful, and wrong thinking of this sort is often accompanied by bad conduct. But considering how they had been deceived by

their priests, and how little they knew of what was really right, there were many of the Hawaiians who were good and noble. This was especially true of the women, although the laws oppressed them very cruelly.

The Hawaiians had been taught not to value human life, for the kings or chiefs could put to death any one who displeased them, or any one that the priest selected for sacrifice. It was hard to make them understand how wicked and cruel this was. Many still believed secretly in the old religion. They told the people who wished to do as the missionaries advised, that their own priests could put evil spells upon them, and make their Hawaiian gods punish them.

The chiefs despised all that were not of their own rank, but they respected the missionaries, because they were white men, and because they were educated. Little as they themselves knew, the Hawaiians had great respect for learning in others. This was why they feared and obeyed their priests who pretended to know a great deal that no one else could find out.

The missionaries taught the people the Christian religion, and they opened schools to teach them to read and write.

The first schoolhouse was a large grass hut, and the pupils were called together, not by ringing a bell, but by blowing on a conch shell, which made a very loud sound that could be heard at a great distance.

The pupils were of all ages. Besides the children there were men and women in the bloom of youth and others who were old and gray. It was not necessary to force them to go to school, for they were all very

anxious to learn. When the conch shell sounded they came pouring out of their huts to the grass schoolhouse. There were so many pupils that they could not all be taught at once. They had to be divided into classes, and some came at one hour, and some at another. They had no desks or seats, but sat on mats, on the ground, dressed in their mantles of red, blue, and green tapa, and they wore wreaths



Hawaiian Pupils

of flowers on their heads and around their necks, just as they do to-day.

The Hawaiians who came to the missionary schools were so anxious to be taught that they carried about with them everywhere the little books that the missionaries made for them. They had never before had a written language. There are not so many sounds in the Hawaiian language as in our own, and the alphabet which the missionaries made had but twelve letters.

Two years after they came, the missionaries set up

a printing press, and printed a spelling book of eight pages in Hawaiian words, but with letters like our own. An author who has written an interesting book about the old Hawaiians says the people were so eager to learn the new and wonderful art of reading and writing that, at one time, nearly the whole population went to school. With this great love for learning, it is not surprising that now there are few people in Hawaii who cannot read and write. The people are very proud of this fact, as indeed they have a right to be.



Mr. Ellis

When the year the king had granted to the missionaries had expired, he found that they had been so useful to his people that he was glad to have them stay as long as they pleased. When the American missionaries had been in Honolulu two years, the English missionary, whom Vancouver had promised to send, reached the Islands. His name was William Ellis, and he and the Americans became great friends and worked together very peaceably. Their object was the same, — to be

helpful to the people and teach them to live better lives, and each did what he could to help the other.

Since the American missionaries welcomed Mr. Ellis and his wife, the Hawaiians did so likewise, for they had great respect for their teachers. But when they came to know Mr. Ellis, they loved him for his own



Mrs. Ellis

sake. He did not remain long in Hawaii. His wife became very ill, and he had to return to England for her health. During his stay he went all over the Islands with the Americans and wrote a long account of what he saw. This was published, and the people in England thus learned a

great deal about the country. He also translated and published some of the Hawaiian poetry.

The Hawaiians are very fond of poetry; but their verse is not like ours. It is musical, but usually mournful. Before they knew how to write, they committed their poetry to memory. Parents taught their children and grandchildren, and in this way it was preserved. Kapiolani and other Hawaiian queens

were poets. Their poems, after they became Christians, were much like the psalms in the Bible. This is one of the poems which Mr. Ellis translated. It was composed at the time of the death of a great chief, and is called a dirge :

“Alas! alas! dead is my chief,
 Dead is my lord and my friend.
 My friend in the season of famine,
 My friend in the time of drought,
 My friend in my poverty,
 My friend in the rain and the wind,
 My friend in the heat and the sun,
 My friend in the cold from the mountain,
 My friend in the storm,
 My friend in the calm,
 My friend in the eight seas.
 Alas! alas! gone is my friend
 And no more will return.”



XXIII. THE OLD MISSION HOUSE

NOT far from the stone church in Honolulu was an old, weather-beaten frame house. It was two stories high, with three windows above and three below. Around the front door was a little latticed porch with several steps leading down to the front walk. Like all the older houses in Honolulu, it had no chimney. There was something rather melancholy about it, as if scores of children had once lived there, and grown up and moved away into homes of their own, leaving the old house to strangers. Alice felt sure it must have a history, and when she asked her

mother about it, Mrs. Earle told her the following story :

It was the first house that was ever built in Honolulu. When the missionaries came to Honolulu, they lived in grass houses, like those of the Hawaiians. These houses were cool and comfortable in warm weather, but they were not well lighted, and were not divided into rooms, so that all the members of the



The Old Mission House

family, and sometimes several families, were crowded together in one room. This was a great trial to the men and women who had come straight from their comfortable New England homes.

Many friends in Boston were interested in the missionaries, and pitied them for the hardships they had to endure. They had already sent them clothes and books and other useful things. But now they decided to send them a house! Of course, it was not a house

put together, all ready to be occupied, because no ship could have carried it. But it was the framework, the sills, rafters, and shingles for the roof, the weather-boarding, doors, and windows. All this was very carefully packed and put down into the hold of the ship.

No one ever dreamed that when the frame for the house had been brought so far there would be any further trouble. But something happened that no one had expected. When the house arrived, the king, Liholiho, or Kamehameha II., would not let the missionaries put it up. Grass houses had been good enough for his people, and he thought they were good enough for the missionaries. He resented the idea that the people in Boston considered grass huts as unfit for their friends. So, when the missionaries asked whether they might put up the house, he said: "My father never allowed a foreigner to build a house in this country except for the king."

The missionaries were much disappointed and, after a while, they again asked permission to put up their house. But the king only refused more decidedly than at first. Yet they did not give up hope, for they knew by this time that he often changed his mind. So two of them went, with their wives, to call upon him, and for the third time he refused their petition.

But just as he was about to leave them, one of the ladies went up to him and told him, as best she could, —for she did not speak his language well—how hard it was for people used to New England houses to find comfort in the grass huts which lacked so many

things they were accustomed to. She spoke so gently yet so earnestly that the king saw in a flash how much these women had given up,—comfortable homes, friends, and pleasures,—and all for no other reason than to make his people happier. Weak and intemperate as the king was, he could not help seeing how much better his people were since the coming of the missionaries, and how much easier it was to govern the country. So he answered that on his return from Maui, where he was about to go on a visit, they might put up their house.

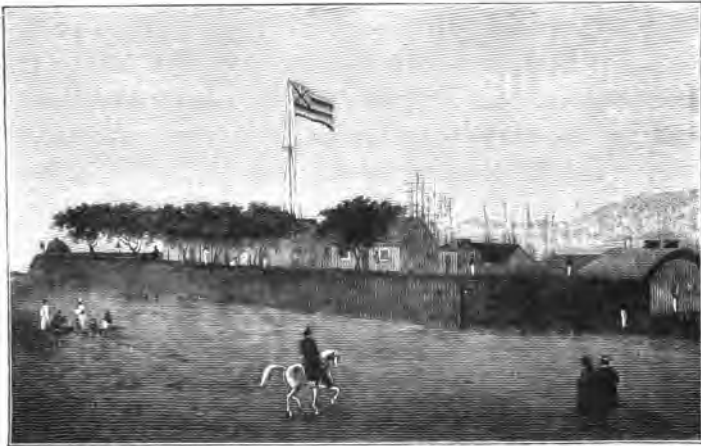
But, even after the king had given his consent, the missionaries were anxious lest he should again change his mind.

The king and the chiefs were in the habit of coming to the missionaries' homes as often as they liked. They stayed to dine with them frequently; and the women never knew how much food to prepare or how many guests to expect. A few days before he left for Maui, the king and several chiefs sat at the missionaries' table, and he was reminded of his consent that the house should be built. Again he said, "Yes, you may build," and after that they thought the matter settled.

But there were many people in Honolulu who disliked the missionaries. They liked to drink and gamble with the king, and it annoyed them when he spent his time with men and women who were not afraid to tell him how wicked and harmful it was to lead an intemperate life. These people now tried to persuade the king that the missionaries were spies; that

they did not mean to build a house, but a fort; and that they intended to fill the cellar with guns and powder and shot.

The king feared that this might be true. He himself had a fort on Punchbowl, the mountain back of Honolulu; and he directed that the cannon should be turned so that it could be fired at the missionaries



Old Hawaiian Fort

the moment they began to carry their arms into the cellar. But when, after waiting some time, the king saw no sign of any such plot, he was at last convinced that the missionaries wished him no harm, and were as much his friends as they had ever been.

When the house was finished, the three families of missionaries in Honolulu moved into it, and they lived under its roof for years. When they were settled

and everything was in order, the king put on his finest clothes and came with his family on a visit. He went all over the house, upstairs and downstairs, and was greatly delighted with everything he saw. At last, just before leaving, he said, "I wish the people in the United States would send me a house *three* stories high!" As he was king, he thought his house ought to be at least one story higher than that of the missionaries.

Mrs. Thurston, who was one of the first women to live in the house, said that the board floors, the doors, and the windows with glass in them, were considered very wonderful by the Hawaiians, and the king was especially pleased with the wall paper, which was pink, with delicate gilt vines.

Besides the three families, the house was always crowded with visitors: foreigners who visited the Islands, the king and his family, and the chiefs and their families. Often as many as fifty people stayed for dinner, and it was necessary to set the table three times for each meal. Fortunately, food was cheap, and, such as it was, there was enough of it. The king and the chiefs also sent the missionaries presents of fruit, and taro, and pigs. But the missionaries' wives had to do a good deal of the cooking. The Hawaiian girls who lived with them were not of much assistance.

When Mrs. Judd came, she said that the missionaries and their wives looked "very thin and careworn." And it was not much wonder, for the women had to sew, and teach, and cook dinners for fifty

guests several times a week. Mrs. Judd said that in addition to all this, Mrs. Bingham had been forced to make the king twelve shirts with ruffled bosoms and a whole suit of broadcloth.

But this was not all the trouble that they had. The water in the wells was salty, and their clothes had to be taken to the streams to be washed. This was done by pounding them with stones, which soon wore them out. They would have worn out fast enough without being pounded to pieces, and the missionaries and their wives were sometimes at a loss to know what to do. They patched and mended, and made their clothes last as long as possible. But it was easier to mend their clothes than their shoes, which also wore out very quickly.

Five years after the missionaries finished the house, it was attacked by some drunken sailors from an American ship.

To save the people from becoming drunkards, the missionaries had persuaded the regent to make a law to punish severely any one who sold them liquor. The captain of the ship wanted this law abolished. It was while the king was still too young to reign and Boki was governor of Oahu. Bad as he was, he would not at first agree to this. Then the sailors came ashore and attacked several of the houses. They blamed the missionaries for the law; and they went to the mission house, as it was called, and did much damage before they were driven off.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and their child would have been badly hurt and perhaps killed, if the Hawaiian

chiefs had not come to their rescue and defended them very bravely.

Alice was more than ever interested in the old mission house after she had heard this story, and she hoped that the people of Honolulu would never allow it to be torn down.



XXIV. THE STORY OF BOKI AND LILIHA

AFTER the death of Kamehameha II. his brother, Kau-i'ke-a-o-u'li, was chosen king and called Kamehameha III. Ka-a-hu-ma'nu, widow of Kamehameha the Great, was appointed *ku-hi'na nu'i*, or regent; that is, she was to rule until the young prince was old enough to reign, and then she was to be his adviser for life; and she also had the power to veto his acts.

Now there was a handsome young chief named Boki, who was governor of Oahu, and because he was so powerful, Kaahumanu unwisely placed the young king in his care. But both Boki and his beautiful wife Liliha were very wicked. They never became Christians, but obeyed the old priests, and they were idle and extravagant.

Both Boki and his wife were opposed to the queen regent, and with other chiefs they plotted against the young king and tried to get control of Hawaii. Every day Kaahumanu had cause to regret her step in placing the young king under the care of such guardians as Boki and Liliha; for instead of setting him a good example

and leading him to a virtuous life, they surrounded him with the most wicked men and led him to form many bad habits.

Boki and Liliha lived in such luxury and extravagance that soon they had used up all the sandalwood in Hawaii, and none was left to pay the debts. A great deal of trouble and misery followed. The people were the greatest sufferers, and their condition grew from bad to worse. Disorder prevailed, and it became necessary to pass laws to punish theft, murder, gambling, and drunkenness. Boki and Liliha did not like the laws, and they refused to obey them.

But when all the sandalwood was gone, Boki himself became poor, and when some one told him of an island to the south where tons of sandalwood were waiting to be gathered, all his friends' warnings could not keep him home. Two of the king's brigs, the *Kamehameha*, and the *Becket*, were fitted up, and with one hundred and nine men, including many of his wicked companions, he sailed from Oahu in search of wealth.

The *Kamehameha*, on which Boki sailed, touched at one island, where it staid two days, but that was the last ever heard of it. After great suffering among the crew, the *Becket* made her way back to Hawaii, and of all those who had sailed with Boki but twenty returned.

During Boki's absence his wife Liliha ruled over Oahu as governor. When she heard of her husband's disappearance, she resolved to fill the fort with armed men, so that she could keep the queen regent, Kaahumanu, from taking the little prince, or having any authority over Oahu.

But another great chief, Ki-nau', a woman who had become a Christian, heard of the plot and revealed it to the leading chiefs. As they did not want to fight and shed blood, they urged Liliha's father to talk with her. Among the Hawaiians, disobedience to parents was the greatest of all crimes, and Liliha, bad as she was, dared not refuse her father's demand that she should give up the fort.

When the young prince became king, Liliha still had much influence over him, and when at last Kaahumanu died, everybody feared that Liliha would be chosen to take her place. She herself, indeed, had every reason to expect it. This would, however, have been a great disaster to the country, for Liliha objected to all the reforms. Her election would have meant the closing of schools and churches, a return to all the barbarous practices, and probably war.

The king appointed a day for an outdoor meeting of his people, at which he was to announce his decision. Thousands came, — among them Kinau and her friends and Liliha and her followers.

When the king arrived, Kinau saluted him and said gravely, "We cannot war with the word of God between us."

It is not known what the king replied, but he made a long speech in which he told the Hawaiians that he was no longer a prince, but their king, whose right it was to rule. Then they waited, Liliha and her friends very confident, and Kinau, and those who were with her, sad and heavy-hearted. But the young king, after pausing a moment, called out in a clear voice, "Know, all ye

people, that I, the king, hereby appoint Kinau as kuhina nui."

Then a shout of joy went up from the multitude, while Liliha and her disappointed followers turned away in anger, for they knew that now their power was at an end. The young king might still be friendly with them, but, like so many of his people, he was weak and indolent, and content to leave the ruling of the kingdom to Kinau. As Kinau was an able woman, fit to rule and anxious for the good of her people, the choice was a wise one.

When asked why he had chosen Kinau as regent, the king answered simply, "Very strong is the kingdom of God."



XXV. "THE LIFE OF THE LAND"

ALICE often thought of this story. Since the time of Boki and Liliha (about 1830) great changes have taken place in Honolulu. It has become a city; there are no more grass houses, and the Hawaiians use silver money. Alice herself had handled many of these coins. They were the size of American silver dollars, half dollars, twenty-five-cent pieces, and ten-cent pieces. On each coin was the head of King Kalakaua, in whose reign (1874-1891) the money was first made. Around the edge of the coin were the words in Hawaiian: "*U'a mau ke e'a o ka ai'na i ka po'no*," which mean, "The life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness." Alice understood this motto better after she had heard the following story:

After Liliha was sent away in disgrace, and Kinau became the regent, the country did not immediately grow better. Indeed, for a time, it seemed to grow worse. The people had seen so much wickedness, and had grown so used to drinking and gambling, that it was no easy matter to get rid of their bad habits.

There lived in Honolulu, at that time, an Englishman named Captain Richard Charlton, who was very friendly with Liliha, and, like her, objected to the missionaries and their schools and churches. He claimed a large tract of land that belonged to the children of a chief. This he declared the king had given to him. For thirteen years he had said nothing of his claim, and during that time many houses had been built on the land, and it had greatly increased in value. The king, Kamehameha III., denied that he had ever given the Englishman the land, since it had never been his to give, and a long quarrel followed, which, it seemed for a while, would never be settled.

By this time the Catholics in France had sent their priests out to the Hawaiian Islands to found churches and schools. Both the king and Kinau were unfriendly to the priests, because they reminded them of the native priests who had formerly ruled the Islands with selfishness and cruelty.

Captain Charlton, who was the English consul, helped the French priests, not from kindly feeling toward them, but simply because he knew this would displease Kinau. It must be confessed that in this matter of persecuting the priests Kinau was unjust, and nothing that the missionaries could say or do altered

her purpose to keep her subjects from becoming Catholics. She made the Catholics work on the roads, and even shut them up in prison.

Captain Charlton became more and more friendly with Liliha, and this made matters worse.

When the quarrel grew so fierce that the king could do nothing more, he sent an American, Mr. Richards, to the United States, England, and France to ask those countries to help him. For by this time, Captain Charlton had gone so far as to say that the Hawaiian Islands really belonged to England.

An English gentleman, Sir George Simpson, who was a friend of the king, and a Hawaiian, Ha-a-li-li'o, the king's secretary, went with Mr. Richards on his errand for the king.

They were told in Washington that our country would defend the king against Charlton, and the queen also made it known that England did not want the Islands. France, at that time, was not quite so friendly.

When Captain Charlton learned that Mr. Richards had gone to England, he followed him. He went by the way of Mexico, where he met Lord George Paulet, an English naval officer who was in one of the ports with his ship, the *Carysfort*.

Lord Paulet was a cousin of Mr. Alexander Simpson, whom Captain Charlton had made consul, in his place, while he was gone. Captain Charlton persuaded Captain Paulet that the Hawaiian Islands belonged to England, and Captain Paulet determined to claim them for the queen

The king had a very wise friend, fortunately, who knew just what to do, and who gladly helped him in his great trouble. This was Dr. Judd, who, with his wife, had gone out to Honolulu, many years before, as a missionary and physician. Dr. Judd was as brave as he was wise. When the *Carysfort* came into the harbor of Honolulu, Lord Paulet sent for the king to come

to him, instead of calling upon the king, as it was his place to do.



Kamehameha III.

The king did not go, but sent Dr. Judd to represent him. Lord Paulet would not talk with Dr. Judd. He ordered the king to give up the land that Charlton had claimed, and made other arbitrary demands. The ship carried cannon and powder and balls, and Lord Paulet

told the king if he did not obey him, he would fire upon the town.

Dr. Judd knew that the king had few guns and not many soldiers, and was no match for Lord Paulet. If the cannon were fired, a great many helpless people would be wounded and killed. More than this, he knew that when Queen Victoria should hear what Lord Paulet had done, she would take the king's part. So Dr. Judd, after careful consideration, advised the king to yield for the time being to Lord Paulet, and to seek redress from

the queen. The king, acting on this advice, agreed to surrender the Islands under protest, and appeal to the queen for justice.

Lord Paulet came ashore, took down the Hawaiian flag, and put the English flag in its place; but when the poor, helpless king went on board the *Carysfort* to visit him, Lord Paulet made so many further insolent demands, that at last the king said, "I will not die piecemeal; they may cut off my head at once. I will give no more."

Then the king, worn out with sorrow and anxiety, departed to the island of Maui. Dr. Judd stayed in Honolulu, and he took all the king's important papers and hid them in the royal tomb. He knew that no one would ever think of looking for them in such a gloomy place. Dr. Judd took it upon himself to write to Queen Victoria and to the President of the United States in behalf of the king; and to keep the matter secret, he hid himself in the tomb and used one of the coffins for his writing table.

When Queen Victoria received the letter telling of Lord Paulet's doings, she was very angry. Immediately she sent to Honolulu an English ship, the *Dublin*, commanded by Admiral Thomas, a brave English officer, who had orders to set matters right.

The king returned from Maui, and Admiral Thomas went ashore to see him, and treated him with the greatest respect. When he told the king that he was sent by Queen Victoria to take down the English flag and put back the Hawaiian flag, both king and people were filled with joy and gratitude. The next day

Monday, July 31, 1843, was chosen for the flag raising.

It was a beautiful, sunny day, without a cloud in the sky. The king and all the people gathered in an open plain, around the flagstaff. With the king and the premier and the court were the men and officers from the three English ships then in the harbor, the *Dublin*, the *Hazard*, and the *Carysfort*. When the people had all assembled, and the English sailors were drawn up in line, the Hawaiian flag was raised. As it shook itself free, and its white and crimson bars floated before the breeze, the cannon were fired, and there was great rejoicing. Lord Paulet, however, felt deeply mortified to see the flag, which he had taken so much trouble to pull down, put back in its place by order of his queen.

In the afternoon a thanksgiving service was held in the stone church. The king made a speech, urging the people to live better lives, and to try to be worthy of the country so mercifully restored to them. He ended his speech with the words, "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*," and these words were later adopted as the national motto and printed on all the coins.

The rest of the day was spent in feasting and singing. A wonderful dinner, which Mrs. Judd helped prepare, was served to the English officers. Admiral Thomas stayed in Honolulu for some time, helping the king to restore order and break up the evil practices which prevailed.

The 31st of July is called Restoration Day in the Islands, and was for many years celebrated like the Fourth of July with us. The plain where the flag was raised is now a beautiful garden set in palms and flower-

ing shrubs and plants. It is called Thomas Square, in honor of the English admiral.

Alice often drove through it with her father and mother, and, as she did so, she tried to imagine how it had looked on the day when the Hawaiian flag was raised and the Islands were given back to the king.



XXVI. MRS. JUDD

Alice thought the Hawaiian flag with its three crosses very much like the English flag. Some one told her that the Hawaiian flag had been patterned after the English flag, and that the first one had been made by Mrs. Judd. She was the wife of Dr. Judd, who was such a good friend to the king when Lord Paulet came to Honolulu in the *Carysfort*. Dr. Judd was one of the medical missionaries. He did not come out to the Hawaiian Islands until some time after the other missionaries, when the schools and churches were already opened. He and Mrs. Judd came from Boston in a sailing vessel, like that in which the first missionaries had made the voyage.

The ship was not comfortable, and the officers were not very obliging, and they endured many hardships. Mrs. Judd had to cook and mend and do much hard work. She related all this in an interesting book, from which Mrs. Earle often read to Alice.

After Mrs. Judd and her husband had been at sea for

several months they anchored, one bright Sunday morning, in the harbor of Honolulu.

Mrs. Judd described the town as "a mass of brown huts, looking like so many haystacks in the country; not one white cottage, no church spire, not a garden nor a tree to be seen, save the grove of cocoanuts."

In the center of the village was one grass hut, much larger than the others. Toward this, great crowds of

people were hurrying; there seemed to be thousands of them, dressed in their mantles of bright colors.

When Dr. and Mrs. Judd went ashore they were welcomed by the missionaries who were already there.

The queen also treated them kindly and gave them a



Mrs. Judd

grass house to live in. The other missionaries had been overworked and were glad of their help, which they greatly needed.

Mrs. Judd gave a very amusing account of the queen regent, Kinau, as she first saw her. She was very large and fat. She wore a bright silk dress, and a bonnet with gay feathers in it. She rode in a blue cart, sitting with her feet swinging down at the back of the

cart. She was very heavy, and the cart was drawn by twenty men.

Kinau was very kind to the missionaries and their wives. At one time she sent one of the ladies a rich silk dress of brilliant colors. The missionary's wife did not want it and sent it back, but the queen regent sent another, still more showy. This also was refused, because it was "too fine for the wife of a missionary." Then Kinau sent still another, of rich black silk, which the lady could not refuse.

The foreigners were supposed to obey the queen regent, the king, and the chiefs, who were sometimes very exacting. At times the missionaries and their wives found it impossible to do just what the rulers wished; but the Americans were so much respected that even the king did not often try to force them to obedience.

The wives of the missionaries aided them in the schools, and they also had to take into their homes and teach the young children of the king and the chiefs.

While the Hawaiians were very friendly and generous with each other, — almost like one great family, — they were not much attached to their children. The mothers were fond of visiting and dancing and bathing, and they did not like the care of young children. So they often gave them away, or, what was worse, put them to death. They had never been taught that this was a great crime. One woman, after she had become a Christian, told Mrs. Judd that she had put to death eight of her little children as soon as they were born. She had buried them under the floor of her hut. She had

just learned what a cruel and wicked thing this was, and she shed tears as she made her confession.

As you might imagine, Mrs. Judd had very little time to rest. The queen regent, especially, visited her a great deal, and sent for her often to come to her house.

At one time she was ordered to make the king a coat. She had never learned how to make coats, so she was a good deal puzzled. But she was a clever woman, and knew how necessary it was not to offend the king, for fear that he might close the schools and forbid the missionaries to teach. Yet she had not even a pattern. After thinking about it a great deal, she took an old coat of her husband's to pieces, and from this she cut out one for the king. The king himself had bought from a trader some fine cloth which he sent her to make up. As the king was not of the same size or figure as Dr. Judd, the coat did not fit; it was too tight in some places and too loose in others. But, as it was the first coat he had ever had, the king did not notice this, and he was very proud of it.

When Dr. Judd and his wife came to the Islands, the king was a little boy. When he grew up and governed the country, they were both very good to him. They lived for the rest of their lives in Honolulu.

Once measles broke out among the people. A great many died simply because they would not take the medicine the English and American physicians wished to give them. They called in their own doctors, who knew nothing about the disease, and, when they were burning with fever, they bathed in the cold surf. Dr. and Mrs. Judd visited the Hawaiians when they were

ill, and did whatever they could to help them. When later the smallpox broke out Dr. Judd had the greatest difficulty in persuading the people to be vaccinated, especially as many of those who were vaccinated nevertheless caught the disease and died.

The king told Dr. Judd to feel free to do whatever he thought best, and he had two other physicians to help him.

Nearly three thousand people died, and many of the natives blamed Dr. Judd for the death of their friends, which their own doctors told them was the result of vaccination. It was a long time before Dr. Judd could regain their confidence. With the measles and smallpox, nearly eleven thousand people had died in five years.

When Dr. Judd hid himself and King Kamehameha's papers in the royal tomb, Mrs. Judd showed her bravery and self-control. For when the British officers could not find Dr. Judd, or the important papers which they wanted, they came to her house and tried to force her to tell where her husband was ; but she steadfastly refused to reveal the secret.

One of Mrs. Judd's hardest tasks was to arrange the dinner for Admiral Thomas. This gave the wives of the missionaries a great deal of anxiety. The king was very intemperate, and they had seen what great evils drinking had caused among the Hawaiians. Neither the missionaries nor their families used wine, because they did not wish to set a bad example to the king and the people.

The English officers were used to drinking wine.

They always expected to have it offered them at dinner ; especially at such a dinner as this was to be. Mrs. Judd knew that the officers would be very much disappointed, but she and the wives of the other missionaries decided that, on account of the king, there should be no wine. It was a wonderful dinner, with beef and ham, fish and poultry, and all manner of cakes, puddings, and fruit. They had tea and coffee, and delicious cocoanut milk — but no wine.

Mrs. Judd saw that even Admiral Thomas thought this a little inhospitable. They tried not to notice the disappointment of their guests, and, being well-bred women, they did not venture to offer any apologies. Afterwards, Admiral Thomas told Mrs. Judd that they had done right ; and he praised them for their wisdom and courage.



XXVII. MOLOKAI AND THE LEPERS

ALICE did not visit Molokai, the island set apart for the poor lepers — people afflicted with a terrible incurable disease.

A little steamer makes regular trips between Honolulu and Molokai, carrying the mails and any visitors who have secured a permit from the government physicians.

In the time of the first Kamehamehas there was no

leprosy in Hawaii. It was brought from abroad, but it spread so rapidly among the intemperate people that the king and his advisers — able American and European physicians — began to consider how it could be checked. They finally agreed upon a plan which, while it seemed very hard and cruel, was really, in the end, kind and humane. The Hawaiians themselves never shunned the lepers. They were not repelled by their drawn and misshapen features, but ate out of the same



Group of Lepers

calabash used by their friends whose hands were badly diseased. If their friends or relatives became lepers, they had no fear of living with them, and they mourned for them greatly when they died.

It was thought that this was one reason why the disease could not be controlled; so the Islands were divided into districts, and the police went up and down through each district, watching very carefully, to discover any lepers among the people. When any were found, they were taken away from their families and sent to a hospital in Honolulu. There they were kept until it

was certain that there could be no mistake about their disease. Then they were put on board the steamer and taken over to Molokai, and were forbidden ever again to return to their homes.

It was in 1865 that it was decided that lepers should be sent to Molokai, and land for a settlement was bought on the north side of the island. This settlement is on a peninsula which contains about three thousand acres. The sea surrounds it on three sides, and it is joined to the mainland of Molokai on the south side by a precipice three thousand feet high. All around the isthmus, which juts into the sea, the deep, rough surf is never still, and through this surf even the Hawaiian swimmer could hardly make his way. Sometimes the surf is so rough that the boats cannot land. The precipice on the south is so high and steep that the lepers cannot escape in this direction from their prison.

Aside from being captives, the lepers have now nothing to complain of in their treatment. Their home is in the lovely valley of Wai-ko'lu, across which cool sea breezes blow continually. They have excellent hospitals with able physicians and nurses. The government has built comfortable houses for them, and provides them with food and clothing. They have dogs and horses and many comforts. Flowers grow everywhere, and they make wreaths and garlands which they twine round their heads and necks, just as they did when they were at home, among their friends and relatives.

Fortunately, while they become more and more disfigured by the disease, they do not suffer very much, for it is not very painful.

There are two villages in the settlement, Ka-la-wa'o on the east side, and Ka-lau-pa'pa on the west side of the peninsula, and the people living in the villages ride back and forth, visiting one another, just as people do in other places.

When it was decided to send all the lepers to Molokai, the Hawaiians were very much opposed to it. They hid their sick in caves, or in the forests, so that they might not be discovered, and carried them food and clothing. But the poor lepers were always found at last. They were missed from their homes, and their friends were watched coming and going from their hiding places. When discovered, they were arrested and taken to Honolulu, and from there sent to Molokai. Their friends and relatives came down to the ship to see them sail away, and their grief at parting was heart-breaking. It is indeed a sad thing to think of wives and husbands, parents and children, bidding each other good-by forever. Those who were left behind stood crying and calling after the ship, until it sank out of sight; and the poor lepers looked back at the land to which they knew they could never return.

The year after the settlement was established, one hundred and forty lepers were sent to Molokai, — men, women, and children. No difference was made between the high and the low, the rich and the poor. All were treated alike, — Hawaiian guides and fishermen, Chinese laborers from the plantations, and even the relatives of the queen.

Among those who were rich and well-born was William Ragsdale, a cousin of the beautiful Queen Emma. He

was a well-educated lawyer, but being a leper, he, too, had to go to the settlement upon Molokai. He was a fine orator, and had much influence over the people. He took great interest in the lepers and gave them good advice. He had so much authority that he was called "Governor Ragsdale," although he was not really the governor of Molokai. He was assisted in his work among the lepers by twenty other men belonging to the settlement, all of whom were lepers like himself. But everything was done that he suggested and as he advised.

At first the houses in which the lepers lived were uncomfortable and poor; the people did not try to keep them clean, and were, in every way, very miserable.

After a time, King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani visited Molokai, to see for themselves the condition of the settlement. They were urged to do this by kind men who had charge of the lepers, and who knew that a great deal of money would be needed to build better houses and hospitals, and to provide many necessary comforts which were lacking.

The king made a touching speech to the lepers, who had great respect for his rank and listened to him very attentively. He told them how much it grieved him to send them away from their homes and families, but said he hoped they realized that it was necessary. He praised them for their obedience to the law, and promised that he, on his part, would do all he could to make their lot as comfortable as possible. The poor lepers were much touched, and wept at the king's kind speech. He kept his word, and did much to improve the lepers' lot.

Among the lepers present at the time of the king's visit were two other cousins of Queen Emma. They, however, fared better than the others, for they could afford to have neat wooden houses built, comfortably furnished with everything that they desired. At that time all the other lepers lived in poor huts, where they had neither sunlight nor fresh air.

For some time after the lepers were sent to Molokai, every passenger on the ships that came into the harbor at Honolulu was required to pay one dollar. This money was saved and given to those who had charge of the settlement, and with it many improvements were made. The government of the Hawaiian Islands was then too poor to make the necessary improvements without this assistance. When, later, the great sugar plantations were opened up, the country became richer and the government was then able to take care of the lepers without taxing travelers.

The government has also employed physicians to study and find out all that can be learned about leprosy. They travel all over the world where they may meet men who, like themselves, are studying and observing the disease in other lands. For there are thousands of lepers in China, India, Syria, and even in cold countries like Siberia, Norway, and Sweden.

Of the two villages in the settlement on Molokai, the larger is Kalawao, and there are more lepers there than at Kalaupapa, which is on the other side of the peninsula.

The hospital buildings, which are arranged around a grassy square shaded with algaroba trees, are in the

village of Kalawao. They are whitewashed and kept very clean. The doctor who has charge of the hospital lives in a house near by, with his assistants, and there is a dispensary where all who need medicine can get it. This, like their food and clothing and houses, is furnished free to the lepers by the government.

Each leper is allowed every week twenty-one pounds of poi or other food, if he prefers it, and from five to six pounds of beef. Sometimes the steamers cannot deliver the provisions that have been sent to the lepers because the surf is so rough that the boats cannot land. When this happens, they are given rice and salmon and other food instead.

There are two Catholic and three Protestant chapels in the settlement, several schoolhouses, and one large general store.

After twenty-five years of careful study, not much more is known of leprosy than when it first appeared in the Islands. It does not seem to be contagious, like smallpox or scarlet fever, and children whose parents are lepers are often quite healthy. If they are born in Molokai, they are kept there until they are fourteen or fifteen years old. Then it is thought that they are safe, and they are allowed to go away and live wherever they please. No cure for the disease has ever been found, although many things have been tried. No one who has once had leprosy has ever been known to get well.

For all this, the lepers are not sad. They sing and laugh and enjoy themselves, much as other people do. They like to go to church, to ride, bathe, make wreaths, and listen to the band which has been taught by one

of the teachers in the school to play upon many kinds of instruments. The band plays in the open air, several evenings in the week. There is none like it in the world, for every one of the musicians is a leper.



XXVIII. FATHER DAMIEN

MRS. EARLE carefully explained all this to Alice, and it made her very sad. She could never look in the direction of Molokai without thinking of the island lying out of sight, below the rim of the horizon, and of the poor people who were sent there for life. She did not, of course, see any lepers while she was in Honolulu, for they were all kept in the receiving hospital until they were sent to Molokai.

At her home in Chicago there was a picture hanging above Mrs. Earle's desk which Alice had always loved dearly. It was the picture of Father Damien, a priest who went out to Molokai, and lived among the lepers until he died. His face was sweet and gentle, with large dark eyes, a straight, beautiful nose, and a mouth that looked as if it might smile with great tenderness and compassion.

While they were sitting in their room one afternoon, Alice asked her mother to tell her again the story of Father Damien. Mrs. Earle was busy with some sewing which she did not lay aside, and Alice drew up a little stool and sat at her feet, listening to the story of this noble life.

Father Damien was born in Louvain, a city in Belgium, on January 3, 1840. His mother and father were pious people, and they brought up their children very carefully. Their son Joseph was a gentle lad, full



Father Damien

of fun, but thoughtful of many things which do not usually interest boys. He wanted, above all, to do good in the world; to help others who had not so comfortable a home, nor such kind parents as his own.

Alice wanted to know how Father Damien came to decide to spend his life in Molokai, and Mrs. Earle took

from her shelf a book by Mr. Edward Clifford, and read the following account:

"On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was then preparing for the priesthood, and he left him there to dine, while he himself went on to a neighboring town.

"Young Joseph decided that here was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take, and when his father came back he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewells. His father consented unwillingly, but, as he was obliged to hurry to the conveyance which was to take him home, there was no time for demur, and they parted at the station. Afterwards, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

"His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged accordingly; but at the last he was laid low with fever, and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation to him to have his brother go instead, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote secretly, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished. The students were not allowed to send out letters till they had been submitted to the Superior, but Joseph ventured to disobey.

"One day, as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in, and said, with a tender reproach, 'Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter, and you are to go.'

"Joseph jumped up, and ran out, and leaped about like a young colt.

"He worked for some years on other islands in the Pacific, but it happened that he was one day, in 1873, present at the dedication of a chapel in the island of Maui, when the bishop was lamenting that it was not possible for him to find a missionary to send to the lepers at Molokai. He had only been able to send them occasional and temporary help.

"Some young priests had just arrived in Hawaii for mission work, and Father Damien instantly spoke. 'Here are your new missionaries,' said he; 'one of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me.'

"His offer was accepted, and that very day, without any farewells, he embarked on a boat that was taking some cattle to the leper settlement.

"When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, 'Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life work.'"

He built himself a hut under a palm tree and lived there for many years, until he had time to erect a house; for he was busy every moment, night and day, among those who had need of his help. He scarcely took time to eat or sleep.

There are few things useful to a life among the lepers that he could not do. He built a church very near the palm tree under which he had lived when he came to the settlement. He used with skill the plane

and the saw and the hammer. He taught the children in the schools; he preached and worked in his garden; he nursed the sick, and even dug graves for the dead. All this time he went about as if his were the happiest life in the world.

When there was danger that Father Damien might become a leper, because he was so constantly with the sick and the dying, his friends begged him to leave the island, but he said, "I could never choose to be well at the price of giving up my life work." For twelve years he escaped; then he, too, fell a victim to the dread disease.

He was very brave and uncomplaining, and never regretted, for an instant, that he had come to Molokai. Even when he was told that he must die, he still worked on bravely. He knew that lepers often outlive those who are apparently strong and healthy, and he thought only of what he could accomplish before the time should come when he could work no longer.

"You can understand," said Mrs. Earle, "how much such an example did for the people, for, when we see others bearing trials patiently, it helps us to bear our own. And this was what Father Damien did for the lepers."



XXIX. A VISIT TO FATHER DAMIEN

WHEN Father Damien had been at Molokai many years people throughout the world began to hear of his good deeds. Everybody was interested in him

and wanted to help him, particularly when it became known that he himself had fallen a victim to the terrible disease.

In England, especially, contributions were raised, and in 1888 a traveler, Mr. Edward Clifford, offered to deliver the gifts, and cheering letters which accompanied them, to Father Damien.



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School in Molokai

As his vessel neared the coast of Molokai, Mr. Clifford saw the island covered with grass and trees; the white cottages and the slender church spires; and the surf tossing its white spray high into the air along the rocky coast. The steep, black, almost pathless cliffs reached to the clouds. The sea was so rough that the vessel could not land, so the party put off in a boat for a rocky point a few miles from the town, where they decided to leap ashore.

As the boat approached, Mr. Clifford saw Father Damien at a distance, a dark figure, coarsely dressed, coming slowly down to the water's edge, where he exchanged signals with the men in the boat.

In spite of the roughness of the sea and the difficulty of landing even the men, Mr. Clifford was unwilling to leave behind him the gifts for Father Damien; so he opened the large box in the boat, and the parcels were handed out, one by one, across the waves.

At the time of this visit Father Damien was nearly forty-nine years old—a strongly built man with black curly hair, and a short beard turning gray. He had been in the island for sixteen years, and for the last four years had been a leper. The disease had left its marks upon him, and yet it was pleasant to look at his noble, cheerful face.

Since he had come to Molokai he had been joined by another priest, Father Conradi, and by four sisters who spent their time taking care of the little girls and teaching them to read and sew. A home for girls had been founded, called Kapiolani Home, in honor of the wife of Kalakaua who was king when it was built.

There were, in addition, several Protestant churches, and their pastors also worked faithfully and patiently among the lepers.

Father Damien was very much pleased with the presents that had been sent from London, and he was much interested in untying all the parcels and wondered what they contained. There were, among many other things, beautiful pictures, a magic lantern, a musical instrument that played forty different tunes, with gifts of money

out of which Father Damien could buy for the lepers whatever he thought they most needed.

A great English painter, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in admiration of Father Damien's work, painted for him a beautiful picture — "The Vision of St. Francis." Father Damien hung this picture in his own room, where he could always see it.

He lived on the upper floor of a house which he had built quite near the new Catholic church, and the lower floor he gave up to his friend, Father Conradi.

Mr. Clifford found everything much improved in both the villages. New houses, light and airy, had been built for the people, on trestles, high above the ground. A good supply of clear, cold water was brought down in pipes from the mountains; the hospitals were clean and comfortable; and the number of churches had increased to five.

Mr. Clifford reached Molokai about Christmas time, so that the box he brought was really a beautiful Christmas present. He heard Father Damien preach a good, sensible sermon that all could understand, simply urging the people to do right and be good. There was very sweet singing by the choir which he had trained. One of the hymns

"Come hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing"

Mr. Clifford had heard sung very often in his little village church in England on Christmas mornings, when the ground was white with snow, and the walls were covered with spicy cedar, and the glossy, prickly holly with its scarlet berries. There, everybody was joyous

and happy, and the children had all come home to spend the happy Christmastide together.

What a contrast to the scene on Molokai! There was no home-coming, ever again, for the lepers. Instead of snow, there were bright flowers everywhere. Through the open doors and windows could be seen palms and mangoes waving in the soft wind, and the mynahs could be heard chattering in the algaroba trees.

In the afternoon Father Damien talked in the Hawaiian language to the boys, very much as he had preached to the older people in the morning.

He was a very humble man, both in his acts and his speech. When he visited Mr. Clifford, he would not come into the guest house, but sat outside, upon the doorstep, for fear the sight of his face and hands might offend his English friend.

Mr. Clifford showed him how to use the magic lantern, which pleased them all very much, and Father Damien explained, in Hawaiian, the pictures, which represented scenes in the life of Christ.

Finally, the time came for Mr. Clifford to leave. This is his own description of his last view of the island.

"As our ship weighed anchor the somber purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village, with its three churches and its white cottages, lay at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist."

Father Damien died a few months after this, and is buried in the settlement where he worked so faithfully. He had lived long enough to bring about great



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View of Molokai

changes for the better, and he will always be remembered as one of those heroes who have willingly lived and died for the good of others.

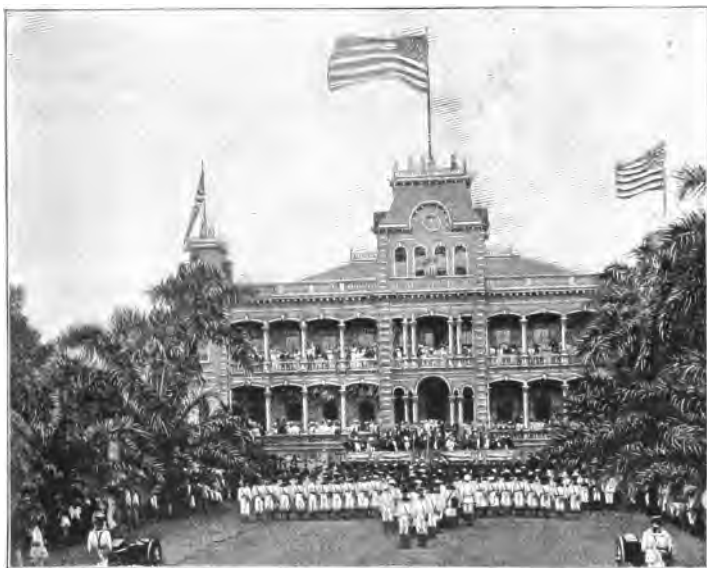


XXX. IOLANI PALACE

IN one of her walks about Honolulu Alice saw a large showy building, standing on a lawn set with gay flower-beds. A high wall was built around the grounds, and there was a soldier standing at the gate, with his musket in his hand. Mr. Earle said that this building was I-o-la'ni Palace, built by King Kalakaua in 1880.

His sister, Li-li'u-o-ka-la'ni, had also lived there as queen. Kalakaua was a kind man, but not a very good king. He was fond of pleasure, and glad to avoid trouble ; and being advised by wicked men he did many things that were not right.

After he had been king for seven years he started on



Iolani Palace

a long journey around the world, and came home dissatisfied with his own kingdom, which he wished to make like the great countries he had seen across the water. He wanted soldiers and ships, though he did not need them, and was quite discontented because there was no money to pay for all the things he longed to possess.

It was not the custom in Hawaii for the king to wear a crown, but Kalakaua now sent to England for crowns for himself and the queen, and when they arrived in Honolulu, Kalakaua and Kapiolani were crowned in a little pavilion in the palace grounds.

Some time after this the king decided to visit California for his health. He was treated everywhere with

the greatest kindness, but his health continued to fail, and in spite of the efforts of the best doctors to save him he died in San Francisco in January, 1891, two months after his departure from home. His body was sent back to his own country in the *Charleston*, an American war ship. Just about this time the king was ex-



Kalakaua

pected home, and the people in Honolulu had prepared to give him a royal welcome. Arches covered with vines and flowers had been erected, and the public buildings were bright with flags and garlands. As the ship hove in sight the people saw the flag flying at half-mast, and soon they all knew that their king was dead. The decorations were quickly exchanged for mourning, and the king's body was carried to the palace, and buried in the royal tomb.

As the king had no children, his sister, Liliuokalani, became queen. She promised to obey and enforce the laws, and it was hoped that she would make a good queen. But these laws, made by the advice of foreigners, took away much of the royal power. They



Liliuokalani

were for the good of the country, but Queen Liliuokalani did not care for that. She was jealous of the power of the white men, and thought if she could but get rid of them she could make new laws to suit herself.

Some of the queen's friends, who knew what was best for her, tried to persuade her to be advised by wise men who understood better than she how to govern, but

she was very stubborn and insisted on having her own way. At last the people's patience gave out. A number of men called the "Committee of Safety," banded together to save the country from the queen's bad influence, and since she showed herself unfit to govern, told her she could no longer be queen.

As might have been expected, Liliuokalani was very angry, and prepared to resist with might and main. This happened in the year 1893. It was a trying time, and no one could tell how it would end. The people in Honolulu were asked to stay quietly at home and help in every way they could to preserve order. The marines came ashore from the American ship, the *Boston*, to protect the lives and property of the Americans living in Honolulu.

Fortunately there was no fighting, and the queen and her friends were not harmed in any way; but Liliuokalani was forced to leave the palace and went to Washington Villa, the house where she had lived before she was made queen. Washington Villa was not far from the palace, and was a large two-story house with verandas above and below. Here Liliuokalani lived with her servants, visited by her friends, and driving out in her carriage whenever she pleased.

At this time many people thought it would be a good plan to ask the United States to govern the Islands; but it took time to consider whether this would be a good thing for both countries, and it was not before the summer of 1898 that the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States. In the meantime, the people in Hawaii established a republican form of government

and chose a president, Mr. Sanford B. Dole, who had all his life long been such a good man that both the white people and the Hawaiians knew that they could trust him with such responsible duties.

Liliuokalani did not wish the Hawaiian Islands to be governed by the United States, and she by no means



Washington Villa

gave up the idea of again becoming queen. While she lived at Washington Villa, she held secret meetings in her house, and bought guns and swords, powder and shot, which were buried in pits upon her lawn. She had planned to arm Hawaiian soldiers and fight in the streets, until the people who had opposed her were conquered or killed. Then she thought she could go back

to the palace, and the white men and their families would be driven from the Islands and never permitted to return. She forgot that many of them had been born there and had lived there all their lives, and that it was their country just as much as her own.

Her plans failed, and the Hawaiians who tried to fight were driven into the mountains, and at last forced to surrender. Liliuokalani was taken back to the palace, not, however, as queen, but as a prisoner. She was treated with more kindness than she seemed to deserve, for the rooms that she had before occupied were set apart for her use, and her servants were allowed to wait upon her, and she could walk and sit in the garden as often as she pleased. It was such a beautiful garden, with the mountains and the sea near at hand, that such a prison could not have been very dismal.

After listening with much interest to this story, Alice ascended a flight of broad stone steps leading to the entrance, which opened into a broad hall. Nothing had been changed. The large rooms were very plainly furnished, Alice thought, for a palace. The flowered Brussels carpets, the furniture covered with chintz, and the chintz curtains, were not of the kind she thought a queen would have chosen. In one broad, long apartment, two large chairs, with gilded arms and backs, stood upon a low dais or platform, in front of which curtains of crimson velvet hung from the ceiling. This was the throne where the king and queen had sat on great occasions, splendidly dressed in silk and velvet and costly jewels.

Upon the walls, framed like pictures, were medals and ribbons. These were the "orders" (badges worn by people of high rank) which had been given King Kalakaua by other kings and queens throughout the world.

There were also portraits of the old Hawaiian rulers, which had been painted by artists who visited Hawaii, or by great painters in England.

Alice thought Kamehameha the Great the most interesting of the kings, and Queen Emma the most beautiful of the queens. The great king's portrait was that of a dark-skinned old man, with short, snow-white hair and dark, piercing eyes. Over his shoulders he wore a yellow feather mantle. Queen Emma had a very sweet and amiable expression. She was the wife of Kamehameha IV. She never reigned herself, although the Hawaiians wanted her for their ruler at the time when Kalakaua was chosen king.

In a little cabinet in one of the rooms were collected a great many curious toys and tools. These were made of wood, or bone, or stone, by the early Hawaiians, and are now no longer used. There were calabashes, deep, polished bowls for holding food and water. And there were the large wooden platters used to serve roast dog, — a dish which the Hawaiians considered a great delicacy. The dogs thus served were small, and had been fed on clean, wholesome food like taro and sweet potato.

Among the most curious things to be seen in the palace were the beautiful feather mantles. These were carefully locked away in chests. Each mantle was

smoothly rolled around a long, wooden staff. When shaken out it looked almost like the plumage of some large bird. With the mantles they saw a number of staffs that looked like great feather dust brushes. They were made of many kinds of feathers, — yellow, black, white, and red, — and their handles, which were six or eight feet long, were of polished wood with bands of tortoise shell or bone. They were always carried in the procession, when the king and queen passed through the streets of Honolulu in state, or were placed about their thrones, and about their coffins when they died.



XXXI. KAPIOLANI

AS they drove back and forth to Waikiki, Alice had noticed a pretty place, quite near the sea. Above the gate was a notice in Hawaiian letters, "*Kapu!*" This meant, "No Admittance." Alice would have liked very much to walk about the shady grounds, which, although they were not so neat and trim as other gardens she had seen, looked cool and pleasant. Mangoes and algarobas grew everywhere, and rows of tall, stately palms bordered the graveled drive. She never passed the gate without longing to go in, but the word of warning always stared her in the face.

One day her mother told her that they had an invitation to call upon Kapiolani, who had been the wife

of King Kalakaua, and was called the queen dowager. Alice was delighted when she learned that Kapiolani lived in the pretty place that she longed to visit.

They started at about four o'clock in the afternoon. A Hawaiian lady went with them to introduce them to Kapiolani, and to translate what Kapiolani said, for although she understood English she could not speak it.



Home of Kapiolani

Everybody liked Queen Kapiolani. She had always been good and kind, especially to the sick and poor. She was friendly to Americans, too, at a time when few of the Hawaiians were on good terms with them.

Alice could hardly believe that her wish had come true, even as they drove through the gate, under the palm trees, up to the door.

The house was not like any that she had ever seen

The front was covered with latticework, and two flights of steps, on opposite sides of a little open balcony, led to the front door. There was another door, beneath the balcony, which opened into rooms on the ground floor. Alice did not notice any windows in the front of the house.

The door to the main entrance stood open, and they went up the steps into the drawing-room. There was no bell, and no one came to meet them, but the Hawaiian lady told them that this was not necessary. They sat down and waited for Kapiolani to appear.

The drawing-room was large and airy, and curiously furnished. The carpet was of a bright color decorated with roses. The furniture was plain and old-fashioned. Vases filled with flowers stood about, not upon the tables and mantels, but upon the floor, in corners where they could not be upset.

Upon a table in the center of the floor was a marble bust of King Kalakaua, and there were many pictures of him on the walls. Near the table was a tall staff made of colored feathers, with a long handle of wood, like those Alice had seen when she visited the palace. This was placed beside the bust, because Kalakaua had been king.

At the doors were hangings of rich silk which, no doubt, the king had brought home from India, when he made his long journey around the world. There were other hangings, which, like the curtains, were of plain chintz.

Alice had never seen a queen before, and she did

not know just how to act. She saw that her mother was not at all embarrassed, but was very calm and self-possessed ; just as she would have been in calling upon a friend in Chicago. So she thought that this must be proper, and she, also, sat very quiet and waited for Kapiolani to come.

They could hear a great deal of talking and laughing somewhere about the house. Presently they looked up and saw a tall, dark woman standing in a doorway which led to an outer room. She paused a moment, as if somewhat shy. Then she smiled very pleasantly, and held out her hand, just as any other well-bred woman might have done. She told them, in Hawaiian, that she was very glad to see them.



Kapiolani

She did not look like a queen, according to Alice's idea. She was very tall indeed, and strong and powerful, but not so stout as many Hawaiian women that Alice had met. Her skin and eyes were quite dark, but her teeth were white and even. Her hair was jet black and was worn in a large thick coil on the top of her head. She wore a holoku of stiff, black silk, and a brooch, set round with pearls, in which was a portrait

of her husband. After shaking hands with them all, she patted Alice gently on the cheek. Then several Hawaiian ladies who lived with Kapiolani came into the drawing-room. They, also, wore holokus, but theirs were of bright-colored silk.

Alice noticed, too, that the queen wore a wreath of yellow feathers, which was like those she had seen at the palace. These are still worn by princesses and chiefs of high rank. None of the ladies wore the feather wreaths; theirs were made of flowers, and they also wore flowers in their hair.

It was quite warm, and Kapiolani asked one of the ladies to get a fan for Mrs. Earle and one for Alice, and she, too, sat fanning herself. The fans were of braided grass, like the mats that Alice had seen.

Kapiolani was very good-natured. She asked Mrs. Earle a great many questions, which their Hawaiian friend translated into English. She had visited the United States and England once, and had been kindly received everywhere. She liked America, she said, and hoped, some day, to visit it again. Mrs. Earle had told Alice about the visit to England, where Kapiolani was the guest of Queen Victoria, who gave her fine apartments to live in, with a sentinel in uniform to stand outside the door. The queen also put her own splendid carriages at the disposal of Kapiolani during her stay in London.

When Mrs. Earle told Kapiolani how beautiful she thought the Hawaiian Islands were, and how much she had been charmed with the clean city, the gardens,

and the excellent schools, Kapiolani smiled approvingly and seemed much pleased.

A pretty picture of Princess Kaiulani hung upon the wall. It had always been expected that she would be the next queen of the Hawaiian Islands. She was at this time studying in England, and Kapiolani, who loved her very dearly, hoped that she would soon return; for she thought she would be happier in her own sunny land. She did not foresee how short a time the princess was to spend in Hawaii, for Kaiulani died very soon after her return, in 1899.

When they rose to go, the queen also rose and shook hands with them, and said "Aloha!"

As they drove back to the city Mrs. Earle told Alice that, although Kalakaua had been an unpopular king, Kapiolani had always been much respected and beloved. She was dignified and polite, and all spoke well of her. She had never had any children, and this was why Liliuokalani, the king's sister, was made queen after Kalakaua died.

Kapiolani was named after the chief who ate the ohelo berries, and went down into the crater of Kilauea to prove to the people that there was no such spirit as Pele



Kaiulani

XXXII. AN OSTRICH FARM

Alice had often seen ostriches, in parks and in zoölogical gardens, but she had never seen them walking about in the fields.

She knew that they came from Africa, and that in the southern part of Africa they are now raised on farms, just as we raise horses and cattle in our country.

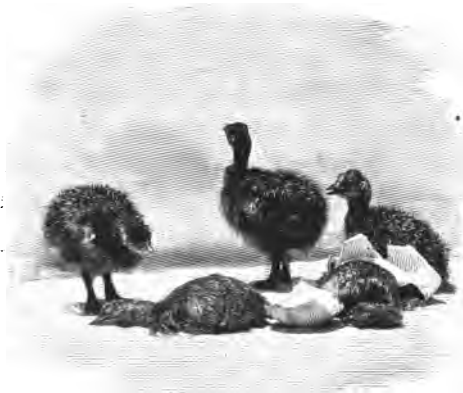
They were trying to raise ostriches in the Hawaiian Islands, and there was a farm out in the country, not far from Diamond Head, which Alice visited. It takes a great deal of time and patience to raise young ostriches in foreign lands, although in their native countries the young birds are left very much to themselves.

The ostrich farmer lived in a neat white house, in a grove of algaroba trees, and he was quite willing to show the party about.

The paddock in which the young ostriches were kept was green and grassy, and there was plenty of shade. Alice wondered why such a place as this had been chosen, for she knew that wild ostriches in Africa live on the desert, where there is no shade. Mr. Earle told her that almost all animals change their habits a little when they are taken from their native country. It is never possible to get quite the same kind of food for them that they have been accustomed to eat; and they have to adapt themselves to a different climate. There are many animals that cannot live in any country but their own; while others, like cats

and dogs and fowls, can live in almost any part of the world. The ostrich usually thrives well wherever the climate is warm enough, and where there is not too much rain.

The young birds stood under the trees near the fence, and Alice looked at them as closely as she dared. They did not seem very good-tempered, and she was afraid to go too close to them. The chicks were covered all over



Young Ostriches

by a light-colored, spiny down. When two months old the birds begin to resemble the mother bird. The body is covered with brownish-gray feathers, while the head, neck, and legs are almost naked. At three years of age they assume their full plumage. The male bird then has glossy black feathers on the body and long, white feathers on the tail and wing. These white feathers are of the greatest value.

The long neck much resembles that of the camel in

shape. The legs are long and there are two toes on each foot. The longer toe has a strong claw. The feet are padded beneath, so that the ostrich can travel quickly over the sand. The large eyes are a soft brown, like the eyes of a cow, and the head is flattened.

The ostrich defends itself with its sharp claws, and an old bird can dangerously wound and even kill a man with one blow. The ostrich in the desert runs very swiftly, and a hunter on a fast horse can hardly overtake him.

As Alice and her father stood looking at the ostriches, they stretched their necks over the fence, to get a better view of their visitors. They yawned often, as if they were sleepy. It was a very warm day, and the young ostriches tried to fan themselves with their little wings as they walked away.

The farmer said that he fed them on cabbage, a little grain, and on alfalfa, which is a kind of grass that is good food for horses and cattle.

The eggs were hatched in an incubator, though the mother bird sat on the nest until the eggs were taken from her. Whenever she left the nest the male bird came to sit on it and to guard it with jealous care. When they are not sitting on the nest, the old birds are suspicious and uneasy. They never leave the nest for very long.

The ostrich lays about thirty eggs in one nest; but the farmer said that, even with the greatest care, but few of these eggs are hatched. The feathers of the bird are not of much value until it is eighteen months old. Old ostriches are worth a great deal more than

ordinary horses. They cost from seven hundred to eight hundred dollars each. The young birds, when full-grown, are worth one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, if they are in good condition.

The ostrich farmer told them that he had to be careful of the young birds, as they were very tender. They had to be kept dry and warm, and the least over-feeding would be apt to kill them.

Alice told the ostrich farmer that she had read somewhere that the ostrich could eat anything, — scraps of iron and bits of glass, which, it was stated, agreed with it. The man laughed, and said that this was not true. They do pick up small pieces of metal, now and then, and, like all birds, they require gravel to help them digest their food; but they have to be fed very carefully.

When the farmer goes out after dark to steal the eggs, he takes with him a short, forked stick. With this he keeps the old birds at a distance, for it makes them very angry to see their nests disturbed. He pushes one of the birds away by holding the neck in the fork of the stick. This frightens both the ostrich that is caught in the fork of the stick and its mate, so that they run away as fast as they can.

The incubator, in which the eggs are hatched, looks very much like a kerosene stove, and it is heated with kerosene lamps. The eggs must be kept very warm, and they must be turned four times a day, and four times during the night. They do not hatch for six weeks, and the ostrich farmer, who must get up four times during the night, unless he has some one to help

him, is very glad when the young birds come out of the shell. When the old bird hears the chirp of the young ostrich, she knows that it is time for it to hatch, and she helps it break the thick shell by striking it with her breastbone. When the eggs are hatched in an incubator, at the end of the six weeks the ostrich farmer listens very carefully, every day, and when he hears the



Old Ostriches

young birds, he breaks the shell with a small, sharp instrument.

When the birds are hatched they are placed in a box which is kept warm, and always at the same temperature. Long, soft, woolen strings are hung from the roof of the box, to serve instead of the old bird's plumage, which protects her young when she gathers them under her wings.

The old birds were in paddocks by themselves. When Mr. Earle asked to see them, the ostrich farmer whistled, and they came trotting to him, no doubt expect-

ing to be fed. Some of them were seven feet tall. A lane, not more than two yards wide, leading from the paddocks, had been inclosed by a high fence; and in this lane the old birds walked up and down.

One of the old ostriches, named "Jumbo," was strong and fierce and was kept by himself; but he did not seem to object to this. He was probably very proud that the other birds were so much afraid of him. Alice had read somewhere that the ostrich was a timid, gentle bird. The farmer said that this might be true of some ostriches, but that old birds, like Jumbo, were very savage; they could never be tamed, and it was not safe for strangers to go near them.

As he said this, Jumbo came slowly up to the fence in the little lane, and stretching his long furry neck over the palings, eyed Alice very savagely indeed. He seemed to be saying, "If I could only get a chance at that hat of yours, there would not be much of it left." Alice was glad that the fence was strong and high.



XXXIII. HAWAIIAN SCHOOLS

A FEW days before they were to sail for San Francisco, Alice went with her mother and father to visit the schools in Honolulu. Before she came to the Hawaiian Islands Alice had an idea that only the white people living there could read and write. She was much surprised, therefore, to learn that, in proportion to

the number of people, there were more who could read in Hawaii than in Illinois.

The missionaries from New England, on their very first visit to the Hawaiian Islands, had started schools and begun at once to teach the people to read. Alice knew how anxious the Hawaiians were to learn. Young and old alike had been eager to attend the mission schools. There are now in the Islands many public schools like our own; with the same sort of books, desks, and blackboards, and with good teachers, many of whom have been taught in the United States. These schools, very different from those first held in grass huts, are now found not only in Honolulu and in the villages throughout the Islands, but also in the country near the plantations.

By the time the missionaries had been in Honolulu twelve years, a good many other American and English people had settled in Hawaii.

In 1832 a subscription was taken for the erection of a schoolhouse for the English-speaking children living in the Islands. The captains of the ships in the harbor contributed liberally, and in 1833 a neat brick building was erected, and the school was opened under the name of the "Oahu Charity School."

A few years later a boarding school for girls was established in Wailuku, and a manual training school for Hawaiian boys in Hilo. In addition to the common studies the boys of this school were taught to work in the garden, and to use tools.

Some years after this, another school was founded, which at first was attended only by the children of the

missionaries, but later by Hawaiian children as well. This school is now Oahu College.

There were good schools in Honolulu long before there were any in California, and when California began to be settled by Americans, the people who could afford



Hedge of Night-blooming Cereus

to do so sent their children down to Honolulu to attend the missionary schools.

Alice visited the college first. The large buildings stand in beautiful grounds shaded with mango and algaroba trees, and the lawns are very green and closely clipped. Near the road is a long hedge of a kind of cactus, a prickly plant that grows in hot countries in dry, sandy soil. It is called the night-blooming cereus.

It opens very slowly in the night and is pure white, and very fragrant. When the hedge along the college lawn was in bloom it was covered with the large white flowers, thousands blooming at once.

Women were admitted to the Oahu College from the very start, for the missionaries believed in giving men and women the same advantages of education.



President Dole

One of the founders of the college was the Rev. Daniel Dole, father of Sanford B. Dole, the president of the Republic of Hawaii. This school was at first called "Pu-na-ho'u" or "new spring," from a fine large spring near by. There was a superstition connected with this spring that if any one about to leave Hawaii should drink from it, he would be sure to return some day.

When the school was opened, the pupils paid but fifty cents a week for food, lodging, and instruction.

The first building was of adobe or sun-dried bricks, one story high, with a thatched roof. Now, there are several buildings of brick and stone, a library and recitation rooms, and near the college there are pretty houses for the president and the teachers. The teachers and pupils all eat together in the same dining hall, boys and

girls, Hawaiians and Americans, and they are very industrious and happy.

Besides the government schools, or public schools, a seminary was opened in Honolulu for Hawaiian girls. This, too, was a pretty place, and the girls were very happy and contented. They came into the chapel with wreaths around their necks and flowers in their hair.



Schoolboy



Schoolgirl

They were neatly dressed, and they sang, in their own language, a very sweet but mournful song. Alice never heard a Hawaiian song that did not sound sad. She could not understand this, for the Hawaiians are always smiling, and nothing seems to trouble them.

Several miles out of the city there is a school for boys, called the Kamehameha School. Besides recitation rooms and laboratories in the large building, there are machine shops with forges and lathes, a printing

office, and a farm where the pupils are taught to work when they are not studying or reciting their lessons. The boys also have a military company and are drilled like soldiers. They look very handsome in their neat uniforms. The money to buy the land, to put up the buildings, and to pay the teachers was given by a



Kamehameha School

Hawaiian princess, Bernice Pau-a'hi, who married an American banker. She might have been queen, but she preferred to live quietly in her own home. Princess Pauahi had no children, and she left almost all her large fortune for the education of Hawaiian children.

Near the college is a museum, also her gift. It is well arranged, and here are kept tools, utensils,

weapons, mats, fans, and tapa—the things the Hawaiians used to make. As they do very little of this work now, these articles are carefully preserved that people may know what they were like. There are also stuffed birds and fishes. Alice saw, among other things, the bird from whose plumage the feather mantles were made.

The Hawaiian children are very good in school. They are gentle, obedient, and respectful to their teachers. They read and spell well, and they write beautifully; but most of them find difficulty with arithmetic.



XXXIV. THE CHINESE AND THEIR SCHOOLS

IN Honolulu there are a great many Chinese. They not only work on the plantations and in their gardens, raising fruits and vegetables, but they keep shops. Some of these shops are small, and nothing is sold there but cheap clothing and all the queer kinds of food that the Chinese like. Others are large and filled with beautiful things that have been brought from China,—silks and crepes; carved boxes of ivory and sandalwood; and fans of embroidered silk or beautiful feathers.

The families of the rich merchants live in rooms over the shops. Their wives wear rich silk clothing. Their feet, upon which they wear tiny shoes embroidered in

silk and gold thread, are only a few inches in length. They do not walk well, but totter as if about to fall. When they were very small their feet were wound in tight bandages so that they could not grow. It is an extremely painful process, but among the rich and edu-



Chinese Woman with Small Feet

cated people in China a woman with large feet is not respected.

Alice did not see in Honolulu any little Chinese girls whose feet had been bandaged. She thought that the American teachers must have persuaded their parents to let their feet grow, so that they might walk about, and run and play like other children.

One day Alice went to visit a large boarding school for Chinese boys kept by a missionary. The missionary's wife was a beautiful woman, born in Canton, of American parents. She spoke Chinese as well as English, although Chinese is a very hard language to



Chinese Boarding School

learn. There are many thousands of words that must be committed to memory, because there is a separate character in Chinese for every word.

When Alice and her mother went into the room where forty or fifty boys were studying under a Chinese teacher, the pupils rose and bade them good morning in chorus. They did the same when the visitors left.

The teacher was an odd-looking old Chinaman, dressed in Chinese clothes, with a black cap on his head. He wore large spectacles of a kind that Alice had never seen before. He was very grave and polite. He spoke English, and told them that some of his pupils had come from China only a few months before.

The children's books were printed in Chinese, and what seemed to Alice like a crooked, dotted letter, was really several words. One boy, about twelve years old, showed Mrs. Earle his book, and told her that he was studying about animals.

It was very noisy in the school. The pupils all studied aloud, with voices pitched in many keys, and it sounded like a strange kind of singing. The children must be very careful how they pitch their voices, for a word in one key means one thing, and the same word in a different key means something else. The teacher listened closely all the time, and whenever he heard a wrong tone he corrected the pupils.

Boys in China are taught to pay the highest respect to their parents and teachers.

While the boys at their desks were chanting their lessons, one at a time was called up to recite. Each boy came to the teacher's desk, and stood with his back to the teacher. The teacher did not ask any questions, but the pupil recited what he had learned by heart. Chinese pupils spend a great deal of time learning words of which they do not know the meaning. They are taught the meaning later.

Alice also visited the Chinese kindergarten, where she thought the little boys and girls very pretty. The

schoolroom was pleasant and sunny and Alice did not wonder that the children like to go to school. Through the open doors and windows she could hear the breeze stirring in the palm trees. The walls were covered with pretty pictures, and there were little tables at which the children sat, cutting paper for baskets, and molding figures in clay. They showed by their happy faces how much they enjoyed this work.

The children wore little trousers and jackets of green, pink, blue, or brown dotted with large yellow dots. Their queues were lengthened with pink cord which was braided in with the hair. Several wore anklets and bracelets of metal.

When Alice entered, they were playing a game with a ball. One child stood in the center with a ball in her hand, while the other children moved round her in a circle, singing. Presently she chose a boy to whom she gave the ball, and he took her place in the circle, and gave the ball to another child. He bowed and shook hands with the child to whom he gave the ball. They sang very sweetly, because they had been taught when they were



Chinese Girl

young, and before their voices were spoiled. The Chinese have naturally thin, high voices, and their music is very harsh.

On their way home they passed a Chinese temple and saw the people bowing before the figures of their gods, which were very hideous. Children played upon the steps, and ran in and out, but they did not disturb the priests, and nobody chased them away. A little girl went into the temple carrying a baby on her back. It was crying with all its might, but no one paid any attention to it. Alice wanted to loosen the tight scarf by which the baby was carried, which she thought must hurt it very much. But she did not dare to ask the little girl if she might.

When Alice reached home she said that she had learned from this interesting visit many things about the Chinese that she was glad to know.



XXXV. GOOD-BY

AFTER she had spent three delightful months in Hawaii, the time came for Alice to say "good-by." She felt very sad at the thought of leaving, and although she was anxious to see her friends in Chicago, she almost wished she could stay forever in these beautiful Islands. She dreaded the thought of the cold and the snow, of the dark, wet autumn days and the raw winds of March.

They went for their last drive on Punchbowl; along Nuuanu Avenue, past the tiny gardens, surrounded by

gray stone walls, where the old Hawaiians had once raised their crops of taro.

As Alice looked down upon the city, with its roofs among the palms and mango trees, she wondered if she should ever see Honolulu again. The thought that this might be her last view of the city made her very sad indeed.

Her little friends came to bid her good-by, and brought her presents as remembrances. There were fans of woven grass, tied with red and blue ribbons; an odd Chinese switch made of horsehair; and three or four queer Chinese dolls, made of wood, dressed in silk and tinsel, like little Chinese women.

When their trunks were packed and the steamer rugs and chairs were ready to send to the dock, Alice walked about the hotel and remembered how pretty it looked the day they arrived, when the vines that covered the algaroba trees were in bloom. Now the flowers were nearly all gone, but the gray, gnarled trees along the avenue were covered with great clusters of blossoms that were even brighter than the vines.

She looked for the last time at the natives, who sat at the door of the hotel with their baskets of bouquets and heaps of leis, their taro suspended from poles, or their stock of beautiful polished walking sticks. These men are very humble and do not tease any one to buy. They simply hold out their wares to be looked at, and if any one buys of them, they are grateful and bow and smile with pleasure.

The ship in which Alice was to sail for home was the *Australia*. It was not quite so large as the *Mari-*

posa, but it had an upper deck, where Mr. Earle thought that it would be very pleasant to sit, when the weather was fine, as it usually is on the Pacific.



Peddling Taro

A great many people came to bid their friends good-by. They brought with them all kinds of leis. Some were of tuberoses, others of heliotrope, scarlet hibiscus, and bright yellow ohias. With the wreaths of

flowers were long garlands of the sweet-smelling maile. These leis and garlands were placed about the necks of those who were leaving, and were even twined around their arms and waists. Mrs. Earle and Alice were quite covered with them.

At last the gong sounded and the people bade each other good-by. The band on the deck began to play



Steamship Australia

“Auld Lang Syne” and many eyes were filled with tears.

Alice and Mrs. Earle stood at the side of the ship and waved their handkerchiefs as long as they could see the faces of their friends. They saw, for the last time, the white surf beating against the reef; the villas along the curved beach at Waikiki; Punchbowl, and the high, bare summit of Diamond Head.

After they had passed the quarantine station, the passengers threw overboard the leis of flowers and

naile, not because they did not value them, but because that was an old Hawaiian custom.

And so they sailed away, looking backward toward the island until they left far behind them this trail of bright blossoms upon the smooth blue water.



PRONUNCIATION OF HAWAIIAN NAMES AND TERMS

A is sounded as in *far* ; *e* as in *prey* ; *i* as in *machine* ; *o* as in *old* ; *u* as in *rude* ; the diphthong *ai* like *i* in *fine* ; *au* like *ou* in *out*. The consonants have the same sound as in English. There are no silent letters.

ai'na.	I-o-la'ni.	ko'a.
a-lo'ha.		Ko-ha'la.
a'wa.	ka.	Ko'ko.
	Ka-a-hu-ma'nu.	Ko'na.
Bo'ki.	Kai-lu'a.	Ko-o-lau'.
	Kai-u-la'ni.	ko'u.
e'a.	Ka-la-kau'a.	Ko u'la.
	Ka-lau-pa'pa.	ku-hi'na nu'i.
Ha-a-li-li'o.	Ka-la-wa'o.	ku-ku'i.
Ha-le-a-ka-la'.	Ka-me-ha-me'ha.	
Ha-le-mau-mau'.	Ka-nu'i.	La-hai'na.
Ha-na-pe'pe.	Ka-pi-o-la'ni.	le'i.
Ha-wai'i.	ka'pu.	Li-ho-li'ho.
Hi'lo.	Kau-ai'.	Li-li'ha.
ho-lo'ku.	Kau-i'ke-a-o-u'li.	Li-li'u-o-ka-la'ni.
Ho-no-li'i.	Kau'po.	Lo'no.
Ho-no-lu'lu.	ka'va.	lu-au'.
Ho'pu.	ke.	
	ki-hi-ki'hi.	Ma-hu-ko'na.
i-a-i'a.	Ki-lau-e'a.	ma-i'le.
I-a'o.	Ki-nau'.	Ma-ka-wa'o.

mau.	o-he'lo.	ta'ro.
Mau'i.	o-hi'a.	ti.
Mau'na Ke'a.		
Mau'na Lo'a.	Pa'li.	u'a.
Mo-lo-kai'.	Pau-a'hi.	u'la.
	Pe'le.	
Ni-i-hau'.	po'i.	Wai-a-le-a'le.
Nu-u-a'nu.	po'no.	Wai-ki'ki.
	Pu-na-ho'u.	Wai-ko'lu.
O-a'hu.		Wai-lu'ku.
O-bo-o-ki'ah.	ta'pa.	Wai-me'a.

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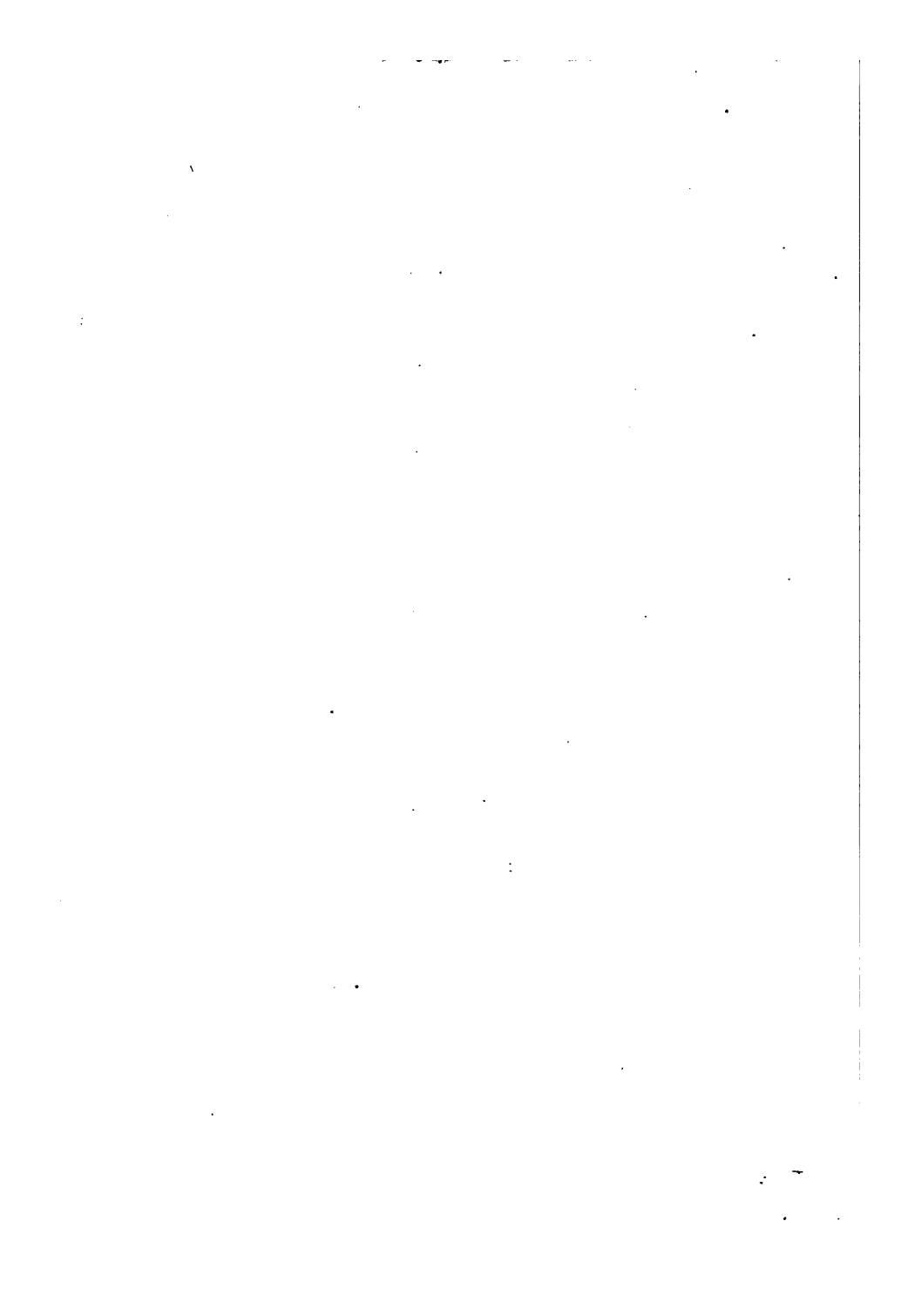
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